

THE LIVING AGE.

No. 1031.—5 March, 1864.

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NEW YEAR'S PRESENTS TO CLERGYMEN.—Our text will be found on the front of several of the late Nos.; but we now ask our readers to apply it to a single class of persons, while the price of every article of food or clothing, and of all the necessities of life (excepting *The Living Age*), has been increased, little or nothing has been done to raise proportionally the salaries of clergymen. They are obliged to lessen their comforts, in order to meet this pressure.

Reader, if you wish to refresh the mind and the heart of the man who "ministers to you in holy things," present him with mental food once a week, and *do not* give him *The Living Age* if there be any other work that will do him more good.

ADVANCE IN THE PRICE OF BINDING.—The Covers for *The Living Age* are made up of Cotton Cloth and Pasteboard; and the manufacturers advanced their prices—nearly doubled them—some time ago. We ought then to have increased our charge for binding, but neglected to do so. But for all Volumes bound by us after the 15th of March, the price will be sixty-five cents.

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THE ELEVENTH HOUR.

FAINT and worn and aged
One stands knocking at a gate ;
Though no light shines in the casement,
Knocking though so late.
It has struck eleven
In the courts of heaven,
Yet he still doth knock and wait.

While no answer cometh
From the heavenly hill,
Blessed angels wonder
At his earnest will.
Hope and fear but quicken
While the shadows thicken :
He is knocking, knocking still.

Grim the gate unopened
Stands with bar and lock :
Yet within the unseen Porter
Hearkens to the knock.
Doing and undoing,
Faint and yet pursuing
This man's feet are on the Rock.

With a cry unceasing
Knocketh, prayeth he :
“Lord, have mercy on me
When I cry to thee.”
With a knock unceasing ;
And a cry increasing :
“O my Lord, remember me.”

Still the Porter standeth,
Love-constrained he standeth near,
While the cry increaseth
Of that love and fear :
“Jesus, look upon me—
Christ, hast thou foregone me?—
If I must, I perish here.”

Faint the knocking ceases,
Faint the cry and call :
Is he lost indeed forever,
Shut without the wall?
Mighty Arms surround him,
Arms that sought and found him,
Held, withheld, and bore through all.

O celestial mansion,
Open wide the door :
Crown and robes of whiteness,
Stone inscribed before,
Flocking angels bear them ;
Stretch thy hand and wear them ;
Sit thou down for evermore.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

—*Victoria Magazine.*

“A LITTLE WHILE.”

Oh for the peace which floweth as a river !
Making life's desert places bloom and smile ;
Oh for a faith to grasp heaven's bright “forever,”
Amid the shadows of earth's “little while.”

“A little while” for patient vigil keeping,
To face the storm, to wrestle with the strong ;
“A little while” to sow the seed with weeping,
Then bind the sheaves and sing the harvest song.

“A little while” to wear the robe of sadness,
To toil with weary steps through erring ways ;
Then to pour forth the fragrant oil of gladness,
And clasp the girdle of the robe of praise.

“A little while,” ’mid shadow and illusion,
To strive by faith love's mysteries to spell ;
Then read each dark enigma's clear solution ;
Then hail light's verdict, “He doth all things well.”

“A little while,” the earthen pitcher taking
To wayside brooks from far-off fountains fed ;
Then the parched lip its thirst forever slaking
Beside the fulness of the Fountain-Head.

“A little while” to keep the oil from failing ;
“A little while” faith's flickering lamp to trim,
And then the Bridegroom's coming footsteps
hailing,
To haste to meet him with the bridal hymn.

And he who is at once both Gift and Giver,
The future glory, and the present smile,
With the bright promise of the glad “forever”
Will light the shadows of the “little while.”

SONNET.

My soul is sunk in all-suffusing shame ;
Yet not for any individual sin,
But that the World's original fair fame—
My own land's, most—is not what it hath been
Shrieks of intolerable bondage smite,
Without response, its comfortable ears,
Making most craven compromise with Might,
For their own luxury, of others' tears.
Better than this the sanguinary crash
Of fratricidal strokes, and nerveful hate !
So do I hope to hear the sabres clash
And tumbrils rattle, when the snows abate.
Love Peace who will—I for Mankind prefer,
To dungeon or disgrace, a sepulchre.

ALFRED AUSTIN.

—*Temple Bar.*

THE INVITATION.

Will you walk into my parlor? says the little man so sly;

I cordially can offer you my hospital-ty :

Some ugly things I'm certain could be settled in a trice,

If you and I would only try : and wouldn't that be nice?

Will you, will you, will you, will you, walk in, neighbor dear?

Will you, will you, wont you, wont you, friends and neighbors dear?

Sure such a mess was never seen, a chaos so complete,

Where black and white and wrong and right in wild confusion meet.

We've rights without a title, and demands without restraint,

And duties where there's nothing due, enough to vex a saint.

Will you, will you, etc.

A congress is the thing we need, our quiet to insure,

To regulate the present, and the future to secure; And I'm the man to moot the plan, as all of you must feel,

For well I know, both high and low, each spoke of fortune's wheel.

Will you, will you, etc.

It isn't out of vanity I wish to take the lead,

It is because my character's so very bad indeed.

Men call me so ambitious, still to selfish ends awake,

But when they see me frank and free they'll think it a mistake.

Will you, will you, etc.

Then for our place of meeting, let me hope you all will give

A preference to my house and home, and with me come and live :

The peaceful drama we're to act this well-known scene befits,

From which of old came schemes so bold—to blow you all to bits.

Will you, will you, etc.

And you, Friend Bull, especially, I trust will not refuse,

Though nothing you may have to gain and everything to lose ;

'Twould suit your high position, and your noble turn of mind,

To cast in with the rest your lot, and take what you may find.

Will you, will you, etc.

The Channel Islands once were French, Gibraltar lies in Spain ;

And Malta, after Corfu,—'t isn't worth while to retain.

Then if a share of India's spoils would make our quarrels cease,
I'm sure you would not grudge a slice to buy a general peace.

Will you, will you, etc.

You ask how members are to vote—that's easily arranged ;

I've got a plan which, if you wish, can readily be changed ;

But trust to me, and you shall see, my sleight of hand so neat

Will work as well a Congress as it worked a *Plebiscite*.

Will you, will you, etc.

—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

A BIRTH.

No life is trivial. But how vast the import Of the young life just opened ! England hails

The baby who will be a King hereafter,

If all go well. How pregnant that hereafter !

The child so well beloved—the pretty boy

Whom the young father tosses in his arms,

Whom the young mother clasps to her fair breast,

Will be in days to come earth's mightiest monarch,—

Will make great wars, perchance,—will be remembered

As long as that Black Prince of the elder day, Invincible in arms. Those baby eyes

Will look upon a world we cannot dream of :

For who can tell where Europe's realms will be,

What strange reverse to greatest States will come,

Ere this young Prince reach manhood? It may be

That, when his father throws the sceptre down,

Yielding perforce to a far stronger King

After a peaceful reign, this infant, too,

May reign right peacefully. And it may be

That the wild earthquake of revolting nations,

The thunder-storm of a whole world at war,

May task his kingliness. Whichever chance,

England has faith in this young child just born,

Heir of earth's greatest Crown, but also heir

Of ALBERT and VICTORIA's peerless greatness.

C.

—*Press*.

NURSERY SONG FOR THE NEW BABY.

Oh, slumber, my darling, thy sire is a Prince
Whom mamma beheld skating not quite five hours

since ;

And Grandpapa Christian is off to the fray

With Germans, who'd steal his nice duchy away.

But slumber, my darling, the English are true,
And they'll help him for love of mamma and

of you,

And the Channel fleet's coming with powder and shot,

And the Germans must run, or they'll catch it all hot.

WITCH-HAMPTON HALL.

FIVE SCENES IN THE LIFE OF ITS LAST LADY.

INTRODUCTORY.

NOTHING can be more lonely than the situation of the Hall, and why a house of such size and substance had been built in such utter and absolute isolation it is hard to imagine. The village of Witch-hampton, which took its name from the mansion, is at least five miles from it. This village consists of a few gray houses clustering near a minute gray church built on a pastoral promontory of the River Waly—so near the water's edge, that the church and the taller of the quaint tombstones, with a background of wooded hills, are mirrored in the stream at "flood."

Most of the inhabitants of those hoary little dwellings are fishermen—the fish of the River Waly has a certain celebrity, and finds a ready sale at large towns both "up" and "down stream."

Behind Witch-hampton village there is a narrow opening in the hills, a natural pass. Up this winds a rough and narrow lane, gradually ascending, though with many dips and dells, for about two miles, offering no opening to the right or left. In this lane the owls cry finely, calling to one another from tree-top to tree-top on either side—mocking at and hooting the lonely, belated traveller. At the end of those two miles the lane takes a new aspect; it runs along level ground, is straightly fringed with somewhat meagre and miserable firs, and has on either hand waste and sterile-looking uplands that, having at some time been under cultivation, have lost all the grace of wildness.

The lane ends at a gate, from which start two tracks; one, holding on over wold and through wood, leads to the village of Chinedandon, which lies behind the Hall at a distance of some miles—that is the right-hand track. The one to the left crosses an ugly bit of enclosed ground (the nature of the stones scattered over which seems to suggest that, at some time, some sort of habitation, a lodge perhaps, has stood there), to where lies an iron gate between two broken-down stone pillars. Stepping over this obstacle, I found that a grass-grown road, the presence of which was chiefly indicated by deep ruts,

wound down and round a shoulder of the hill, and descended into a valley—or rather a green basin, which seemed as if it might at some time have been the bed of a lake—shut in on all sides by wood-fringed heights rising abruptly against the sky. Through this valley brawled a stream, densely overhung by alder, hazel, and bramble, so clothed then with "old man's beard" (the downy seed-tufts of the clematis) that its winding course resembled a stray tress of some hoary giantess's hair streaking the November afternoon gloom of the valley.

For some time the track I followed kept beside this stream, but by and by, at what had seemed from a distance the end of the valley, it plunged into a wood, leaving the stream to the left, and gradually ascending. The wood ended at a gate of the same pattern as the one I had left a mile or two behind, but this still hung in its place by one rusty hinge. I found myself mounting towards the head of a narrow defile which was much choked up by an overgrown tangle of evergreen shrubs, chiefly cypress, Irish and English yew, and the darker-leaved kinds of laurel. Another gate, and then I stepped into the blackness of an avenue of pines, walking now along a road that might once have been a smooth and well-kept carriage-drive. The air here felt freer and drier; on one side I could see between the branches of the pines the pale sky, with a little faint watery flush of sunset in it; on the other, I was still aware of the near presence of a wooded wall of hill. A turn at last in the long avenue, again a gate. I leaned over it and faced the Hall.

Its windows, facing south-west, were a-gleam with such light as lingered in the November sky now the sun had set, and not only the windows seemed to reflect that wan and sickly light, but all the front of the house shone out from the darkness behind with a curious luminousness that suggested something more than reflected light. I do not know what stone the house was built of, but it is not that of the district, which, encouraging the growth of the moss and lichen,

comparatively soon loses all look of newness, and becomes hoary and venerable.

The great pale-bued blocks of which the Hall is built show little sign of weather, and are as free from vegetable growth as if just quarried. I have-examined the building in the full light of morning, and could find about it no indications of decay.

When it gleamed upon me that eerie evening, ghastly and spectral, I felt I could more easily imagine that, at some appointed time, it will wholly vanish away, its place suddenly know it no more, than that it will crumble bit by bit, year after year, and at last cumber the ground with a heap of ruin. I say "gleamed upon me;" and having written the words would recall them, remembering how strangely that was just what it did *not* seem to do; and how, as I leaned and gazed, a fantastic consciousness of its disregard oppressed me. No, it did not gleam upon me, but, supremely ignoring my atom-presence, gleamed back with unwinking eyes the gleams it had attracted from the fading sky.

I left the gate, mounted the steps to the porch, tried the massive oaken door, found it fastened, sat down on the oaken bench outside it, and remembered.

From this porch the view was wide over darkening wood and valley. No sigh, no sound of any living thing without, no cry of bird, no bark of dog. As it grew late—I lingered there after night had fallen—I heard noises from within—the scurrying scamper of thousands of feet and strangely human inhuman cries. But the only sounds from without were the sound of the water making a fall somewhere below in the black shadow, hurrying from its hill-source towards the river, and the sighing of fitful sighs of wind that now and again found their way up the valley.

I sat there and re-remembered so vividly, that by and by, as the pale sky darkened above that blackening scene, I *heard and saw* the things that had been.

SCENE I.

It was almost dark outside, but a great fire burning in the open hearth of the entrance-hall blazed out upon the darkness, the door standing wide.

On the top step of the portico, stood a young girl, very light, slight, and lithe of figure, in habit and plumed hat, a heavy riding

whip in her hand. On the lowest step stood a man, his horse's bridle hanging over his arm. The ruddy firelight glared upon his face—one of tigerish beauty—and shone on the glossy coat and fiery eye of his horse.

"You've won the race," he cried, "but you've lamed your mare; she'll have to be shot to-morrow. You've perilled your life, which I've no wish you should lose just yet, and I don't see what you have gained, fair girl! Your sudden freak must be explained, Lady Ana. Many days I have watched for you; out of respect for your fair fame I did not again come near the house. To-day when I catch sight of you on the hill, you dash off in that mad style! But to-day I do not mean to stand here. If you wont give me a chance of being heard without, I'll make one within; I'll take my horse round to the yard, and be with you shortly. The coast is clear. Sir Lionel and your sister are not come; your man is busy with your horse; your woman is a mile off—I passed her on the road: so the coast is clear; and it is quite time we came to an understanding."

"Stop," said the girl. The voice was startling as coming from a young girl, it vibrated with such intense concentration of passion. "All you have to say must be said outside this house, which you shall never enter again; and must be said *now*, as I will never hear you or speak to you again—never see you again, if I can help it. I perilled my life, for which I do not care, and lamed Bess, for which I do care, because there is nothing I value compared with the power of keeping clear of you—nothing, nothing—so much I loathe you! Yes, loathe you! that is the word: now that I have seen you unmasked, I loathe you!"

He paused a moment, then he said—

"Do you know, Lady Ana, that this is a very foolish way of talking? The sooner you drop it, the better for you. But we will *not* talk here. How do you know who may be in hearing? If you are careless for yourself, I must be the more careful for you," he added, with a sneer.

"All the world may hear what I have to say—that I hate you, how I hate you! that I loathe you, that I defy you! Would to Heaven I knew such words as would fitly speak the bitter black rage that fills me."

"Lady Ana, you are beside yourself. Fortunately it is, *to-day*, no question of loving

or hating, but of marrying. You are completely in my power. I need your fortune; though it is not large, I need it. These are the plain facts of my case. All I care to know now is, when you will marry me."

"Never! Wretch, do you think, because you have done me, a weak girl, the worst wrong a man can do a woman—one human creature another—a man! a human creature! a fiend! a devil!—do you think, because you have done me this wrong, that I will *marry* you?—Never!"

"Girl, you must! You are too ignorant of the world to realize your position—to know how completely you are in my power, name and fame."

"In your power!" she said, with a low laugh, horrible to hear. "Name and fame! Too ignorant of the world to realize my position! In your power!—you think so. By anything I ever held dear or sacred, I swear—"

"You shall not swear. Lady Ana, you are powerless with all your passion. In truth, your passion and your pride put you more utterly in my power. You are not one to bear *shame* meekly. You have no choice left; you must marry me. Again I tell you this. Better play with me no longer, or it is you who will be on your knees begging for that reparation which—"

"Fool!" she cried. "I *have* a choice; for I dare to die, and do not care to live. Who shall hinder me from dying? You have overacted your part, fiend. You have no power left over a woman whom you have made desperate. That 'shame' which you have given me, which you think me too simple to understand, has freed me from you forever. Begone!" she cried, "you have your answer now. Begone!" she stamped, and ground her teeth and clenched her hand in fearful rage. "Begone! and may I never see your hateful fiend-face again!"

"Gentler words, my lady, would stand you in better stead," he answered, and sprang a step towards her. "You forget"—he spoke these words with his face close to hers—"that by dying you cannot save your honor from my tongue—by marriage you can."

Then he changed his whole manner; he fell at her feet, holding her skirt firmly in his hand. He conjured her by the love he had once thought she bore him not to cast him off to utter ruin; to forgive both the

deeds and words of passion to which her falsehood and scorn had stung him. Clutching her skirt in his hand to hold her to hear him, he poured out a torrent of eloquently passionate, of apparently penitent, pleading appeal.

She listened; if her young face changed in expression, it was only that for a while scorn overmastered hate. She struggled to free herself; when she failed—when he, having seized her hand, would have touched it with his lips, she raised her other, the whip in it, high above her head. He saw the gesture and caught the fierce flash of her eyes: rising, he sprang back, but just too late—the sharp lash cut across his brow with stinging effect.

He uttered a curse. Blinded with rage and pain, he rushed towards her; another moment, and he would have dashed her down upon the stone; but a startled movement of his impatient horse jerked him backwards, and brought him to the ground.

"Wait!" he cried, as he rose and mounted, digging a cruel spur into the animal's side; "my time for revenge will come. When you have learned to value honor and love life, remember me!"

For a time she stood where he had left her. She heard him dash off down the avenue at a furious gallop. There darkly crossed her mind an image of how he would goad on his fiery horse through the darkness, till, both horse and rider mad and blind, there would come a crash. She shuddered, drew back, closed the door, and pushed to the heavy bolts.

"I wish I had not struck him! I cannot hate him so—not enough—since I struck him!" Again she shuddered.

Slowly she went up the broad dark stair, swiftly along the echoing gallery to her own chamber. "When you have learned to value honor and love life, remember me," she repeated.

In her own room—no cosey nest or maidenly bower, but a vast and gloomy apartment. floor, walls, and ceiling, all of bare black oak, fantastically reflecting the flashing of a great wood-fire, and the white bed shining out like a swan on a dark lake—her first act was to tear off her riding-dress and trample it under her feet.

An old woman, whom she had always called "nurse," and whose daughter (dead

now) had been all the mother she had ever known in her mysteriously lonely and neglected childhood, came in to help her change her dress. Besides these two there was at that hour no one in the house, and it was often so. The man had enough to do always with outdoor work, some of which often took him a mile or more away; the woman, who was cook and housekeeper, was often absent for half a day—once a week for a whole day, riding to market and back on a stout pony.

"No such haste, child. Why, you're all of a shake!" the old nurse exclaimed, wondering, by and by. "Your sister and Sir Lionel can't be here yet awhile, so there's no such haste. My pretty, what is it?" she said, coaxingly. "You quake like a quaking leaf! You've been riding too far and too fast." Then angrily, "Lady Ana, has he been meeting you again—the man on the black horse Sir Lionel told me to warn you against?" Then coaxingly again, "Can't you speak to your own old nurse, childie? Wont you tell her what's made you all of a tremble?"

"Hate, nurse!—such hate as I never thought to feel!—such hate as made me long to pour all my life out in a curse!"

Turning sharply upon the old woman as she spoke, the red firelight flashed upon her face, and heightened the fierceness of its expression.

Her nurse drew back from her. "God forgive you, Lady Ana!" she cried; then added, "God have mercy upon us!"

She opened her mouth, as if to ask a question, but the words died on her lips.

The girl, having spoken, had turned to her glass again. She stood there, trembling perceptibly with a tremor she could not control, but braiding her bright hair with deft fingers, her face shadowed from the wax-lights burning on the table by the loose luxuriant locks. Standing thus, half-dressed, her snowy linen drooping off her pearly shoulders, her slender, milk-white arms all bare, she looked so fair, so slight, so young, so maidenly, it was no wonder the old nurse thought, "It isn't of such as her the devil gets possession;" and tried to believe that she had not heard aright; that the wicked words of hate sounding in her ears had not been spoken by those child-like lips.

She took up the mud-stained skirt from the

shining floor, and was going to hang it near the fire to dry, when again the girl turned round so that the firelight flashed upon her face, and again spoke in the harsh and unfamiliar-sounding voice,—

"Have that thing thrown away—on the dung-heap, or into the bonfire—anywhere. It'll never come clean and sweet again. I sha'n't want it. Poor Bess will be shot-to-morrow: I wont buy another horse."

The nurse dropped the heavy cloth—the girl, crossing the room, opened the door and pushed it outside with her foot. Another day nurse would have questioned garrulously about "poor Bess;" to-day she stood aghast, agape, and dared not. She washed her hands, as her mistress bade her, then she drew from the black wardrobe of carved oak a dress of pearly sheen, which had been Lady Ana's bride'smaid's dress at her sister's wedding. She shook it and stroked it and held it ready to put over those round white shoulders.

Those two did not look each other in the face again that evening. The old nurse noted the fierce, dry light in the girl's eyes, the sudden reddening and blanchings of her face, the quick rise and fall of the swan-soft fair bosom, but noted these things by stealth, looking askance.

When all was done, Lady Ana for the first time gazed into the glass; till now she had only stood before it.

"Do I look as usual, nurse? Is all right with me?"

"Yes, my pet. They will say you are fairer than ever, my queen."

Then Lady Ana went down the stairs, the nurse lighting her from above till she passed into the light of the hall. She crossed it and entered the great drawing-room; here the other servant, returned from her search after cream, fresh eggs, and butter, had been piling logs on the hearth, and was now setting out a small table full in the blaze, and snugly screened from the draught, with damask, massive silver, and old china.

Lady Ana, no tragic Amazon, but a singularly lovely and fair young girl, with a rich, gleaming dress of stately rustling, pearly gray brocade, and with cunningly braided masses of brightest hair, began to assist her, talking and laughing merrily. Meanwhile, old nurse, her darling out of sight, slowly returned to the room, set down her light, and fell to

wringing her hands, with many a sobbing, pitiful cry of "God have mercy upon us! Good God have mercy upon us!"

Lady Ana, in the room below, as she turned from the light, going towards the great window, presently asked, "Which way did you come home from the farm, Nancy?"

"Oh, round behind, by the good road, my pretty. It's longer, above a bit. I know I'm a foolish old thing for my pains, but I can't abide the avenue of a night, it is so dark, with them coal-black trees meeting overhead and shutting out the stars, when there be any."

"Are there any to-night? Is the night dark, Nancy?"

"Pitch-dark; but with carriage-lamps, and the roads being good, Sir Lionel will get here safe enough. Don't fret, my lady."

Nancy, having finished her arrangements, left the room.

Lady Ana—the simple people about never questioned her right to that title, and she, in her ignorance, had always accepted it without any wonder—stood in the window, looking out into the black night. Since that dear sister, whom she looked for now, had left her, the wild, high-spirited girl had changed to a miserable woman, with death, despair, and hate tugging at her strained heart-strings; but she must hide all change, and she had found that she could use merry words and light laughter still, and that to others they did not sound so strange and hollow as to her. A few moments, and the noise of wheels brought temporary forgetfulness; she ran into the hall, and on that very step where she had stood and known such rage of hate two hours, perhaps, ago, she clasped in her arms, with passionate love, a girl still younger than herself,—a mere child to look at,—who had flown up towards her with a birdlike swiftness, and who nestled in her breast with soft, inarticulate cooings.

This child was followed by her husband, a man some ten years older than herself, fair and stately, with a clear-cut face, the most noticeable features of which were the open brow and fearless, trust-inspiring eye. When those clasping arms were at last disentwined, and Lady Ana was leading her sister into the house, he asked, "Has my Sister Ana no welcome, then, for me?"

Lady Ana stretched out a hand to him, but she kept her face averted, her eyes upon her

sister, as she answered, "You know you are welcome always, Lionel."

Before they separated for the night, Lady Ana and Sir Lionel were for a short time alone. The little wife had gone to gossip with old nurse; her sister would have followed her, but that, on leaving the room, Emma had said, "Stay with Lionel, please, dear Ana."

The door was no sooner closed behind his wife than Sir Lionel, speaking rapidly and low, began,—

"Dear Ana, I have said nothing to my little wife, your sister, but I have most grave cause for brotherly uneasiness. Before we left I spoke to your nurse, asking her to warn you against a—a fellow whose character—In short, my dear girl, you know to whom I refer. Since that time I have heard enough of the man to whom I allude to confirm my worst opinion of him—my worst suspicions regarding him. Believe me, he is utterly unprincipled and unscrupulous; so bad a fellow, that it makes my flesh creep to think of the possibility of his getting any kind of influence over any woman for whom I care. Fearing that poor old nurse forgot my charge (for I met the fellow riding madly from the direction of this house to-day), I venture, at the risk of offending you—"

Lady Ana had listened with a certain eagerness so far; but now she broke in, imperiously, "Silence, Sir Lionel! I cannot suffer another word. Let this be enough for you, that if with my life I can prevent it, the man you speak of shall not again enter these doors."

"Enter these doors!" he echoed in alarm. "I thought—I did not know—"

There he paused. Seeing her face, which had flushed crimson, turn the deadliest white, he thought she was about to swoon, and he stretched out his arm to save her. She caught it, seized his hand, and kissed it.

"Dear brother," she said, softly; "dear brother." Then, with a sort of sob, "if only I had a brother!"

"Surely now you have," he answered, gently and gravely. He raised her hand to his lips, and would have drawn her to him.

"No," she said, retreating from him; "you are not my brother, and you cannot be."

"I trust this is not so."

"It is. I will tell you why: There is safety in truth, and destruction in all kinds of lying. Some truths, people say, should

not be spoken; perhaps this is one, but I will speak it for all our safety. Not that it matters now," she muttered, as the dark despair at her heart gnawed more sharply there. "She must not know. You chose well, Sir Lionel; you chose as I wished you to choose. She is the pearl. I knew before she knew it that she loved you. I could not have been happy if she suffered. You chose well. How could you choose otherwise? You saw her always gentle, always loving, always good; while I—no matter. But we *both* loved you. I loved you from the first, and always. It was to deceive Emma, to deceive you, if possible, to deceive myself, that I behaved so wildly. I succeeded; I shall be wild no more."

He was silent awhile, turning from her and looking into the fire. When he spoke, his face confirmed what his words said.

"I am grieved beyond expression. The unsolved mystery of your most forlorn and unprotected position, your loneliness, now that I have taken your sweet sister from you, weigh upon me beyond what I can say. In my heart you are second to my own sweet wife, and to none other. I had hoped that you would find a safe and happy home under our roof till the time came when—" There he broke off, only repeating what he had begun with, "I am grieved beyond expression."

"But you must not be. No one is to grieve for me: I only want to be forgotten. I am worth no love, and I want no pity. I hope she will forget me—in loving you. And you—I will not have you think of me—not with love, nor pity."

She left him; he did not know how to interpret the passion of her last words. He thought very pitifully of this ungoverned and ungovernable girl—thought of her with true and manly honor of pity, untouched by scorn, and not without admiration of the wild truth he found in her. Then his mind turned for rest, and with thankful gratitude, to contemplate the gentler graces of his own sweet wife.

Late that night, after all in the house but its mistress slept, Lady Ana roused her nurse, and made her go with her to the gate at the end or the Pine Avenue.

What did she hope or fear to find there? She found nothing. The gate had stood open,

and had offered no obstruction to that wild rider.

SCENE II.

[At Sir Lionel's.]

"NURSE, *must* she die?" asked a haggard-looking fair girl, with a gesture and accent of despair, as she drew back from a bed over which she had been leaning, trying with most passionate tender words and caresses to elicit some sign of consciousness from one who lay there—a young mother, whose sweet, sad face was taking the marble fixedness of death.

"Her life hangs upon the child's. If it dies, she'll not rally. She's lain like that ever since she heard the doctor say that the baby couldn't live. Come with me and look at it, my lady, and you'll get your answer, I'm thinking."

The hired nurse led the way from the darkened room into one next it, into which a little more light was allowed to enter.

"It wont last the night through," she said stooping to examine the few-weeks-old baby which was held in the arms of a bright-faced peasant woman. "To think it wont live, so much hanging on its life! when there's a power of babies struggling up to strength who wont know their fathers, and whose mothers wouldn't know them, if they could help it, poor things! It's a queer world; no—it can't last the night through!"

"It's not so bad as all that, I don't believe," said the woman who held it at her bosom. "It may perk up yet."

"Not it, though if it were your own now, Molly—"

"And if it dies, my sister will die, you say, nurse?"

"I see no hope but that she will, my lady,—so much she seems to love it; and she, as I told you, lying as she does now ever since that blundering doctor—bad-luck to him—spoke out in her hearing."

"So much she seems to love it," repeated Lady Ana, her eyes fixed upon the fading face.

"As mothers, most all of them, do, miss, my lady," said the peasant woman.

"Give the child to me; and you, go get your supper," said Lady Ana.

"No matter for my supper; and I'd rather not have the child moved, poor lamb! Ladies

like you—no offence meant, my lady—betimes don't know how best to hold a baby."

"Give me the child, and go," Lady Ana commanded, with an imperious frown.

"Do as my lady bids you—the baby's past knowing any difference now," said the nurse, to whom the woman's eyes appealed.

Very reluctantly the motherly creature relinquished her charge.

"Listen to me, nurse," said Lady Ana below her breath, when the woman was gone. (She held the dying baby very tenderly, and tears were coursing down her white cheeks). "Answer me quickly—there is no time to lose! Has this baby any marks by which its mother would know it from another?"

"None, my lady."

"The age—would she tell that a baby a week—about a week—older could not be hers?"

"Being so ill, and the room so dark—"

"You think not; and for the rest, one baby is much like another while they are so young—"

"Not to the mother, my lady."

"But my sister being so ill, as you say, and the room so dark—"

"That's true; she'd not suspect."

"Where is Sir Lionel?"

"As I told you, my lady; just before you came he had ridden off to the town to send a messenger to ride post for a London doctor."

"When do you expect him?"

"He can't be back till nigh upon dawn, and before the doctor can come all will be over."

"Nurse," said Lady Ana, speaking very low, "I may trust you to see a thing done for her good, and to say nothing?"

"For her good—yes, my lady; but, my lady, for sure it is only God above—not you, or I, or another—that knows what's for her good."

"Shall I see her die, to her husband's agony and mine, when I can help it? and how can you tell that God does not mean me to do the thing I am thinking of doing to save her? All I ask of you, woman, is silence, and to send away the wet-nurse. You can say—yes, you can say that it is her milk that does not suit baby. And if, afterwards, baby gets strong and well, who shall say it was not so?"

"Who, indeed? But perhaps I hardly understand my lady. He'll never get strong

and well. He's dying now, as you hold him—dying in your arms."

Lady Ana gazed upon the infant with a long, wild gaze, then she raised her eyes to those of the nurse.

"You are mistaken: by the morning he will be strong and well."

They looked hard into each other's faces.

"But the old doctor—it will be very hard to—"

"I shall have him denied the house—he has done mischief enough."

"You may trust me," the nurse said.

"I will," returned the lady. "Go and dismiss that woman. Take my purse and pay her well: I charge myself with all the rest."

Left alone with the dying child, she kissed it, and strove to warm it, and cried, "O baby, I'd give my life for yours; more and better than my life, if I had aught else to give, for her sake and for his."

"Nurse, he lies quite still now, and looks easier," she said, when the nurse returned.

"My lady, he is *dead*," was the whispered answer, after a brief look. The nurse took the little corpse from the girl's arms.

After a few moments Lady Ana passed into the darkened chamber. Again she leaned over the pale mother.

"Baby looks calm and is in no pain now," she whispered. The face down upon which she gazed changed and brightened, faintly but perceptibly, though the eyes did not unclose, nor the lips move. Lady Ana rained a shower of lightest and yet most passionate kisses upon lids, lips, and brow, and then left those rooms.

She went down to the servants' hall, where all the people of the house were gathered together in pale consternation, for the rumor had got about that mother and child were dying.

"The carriage immediately and the fastest horses," commanded Lady Ana; "I am going to fetch another nurse, hoping so to save your young master. As you value your lady's life, let no one go near her rooms while I am away. Sleep may save her."

"All the house shall be as still as death, my lady," many voices answered together.

[At the Hall.]

Lady Ana was soon on her way. The horses were driven at cruel speed along the

wild country-roads. Just before entering Witch-hampton village she stopped, telling the coachman to drive on to the inn, and await her return with the nurse.

The September night was not very dark, but it had an eerie, evil-suggesting trouble in it. The horrible gurgling cry of the screech-owl more than once terrified the silence. But Lady Ana hurried on wildly, till the Hall, ghastly in the wan light of a waning moon, was before her.

She mounted the steps of the portico and paused there, shuddering and breathless. A great fear and a heart-sinking dread came over her; but it was now too late to reconsider. She was able to open the door with a key she carried; it was not often that the heavy bolts were drawn.

It closed behind her, and she stood in the Hall: it felt chill and damp, and a streak of moonlight entering at a narrow window fell across the open hearth, choked up with pale wood-ashes, and made it look the more desolate. She listened; there were the sounds she knew of old—a scudding and skurrying retreat, accompanied by short, sharp, shrill cries: no sound when these had died away. She groped her way up the first broad stair, the timbers of which would groan and creak under her stealthy tread as they had never done under her free and careless feet; along the gallery—past the door of her own maiden chamber, then she ascended another and narrower stair—passed along a narrower gallery till she came to a door from under which light gleamed. This she opened, and entered an enormous room, more bare, more desolate and gloomy than had been her own apartment; but part of it was screened off from the rest, and in this part the nurse—her own old nurse—sat dozing before the fire, a baby lying across her knees. At a small table close by sat a simple-looking, pretty young girl, eating her supper of porridge and milk. On seeing Lady Ana, she rose, courtesied, and shook the nurse by the shoulder.

“Dress yourself warmly, and be ready to come with me,” the lady commanded. On that the girl disappeared behind the screen, taking her basin of porridge and jug of milk with her.

Nurse was wide awake now, and Lady Ana went close up to her. It was noticeable that the poor old woman clutched the child with

a sort of affright when its mother bent down to look at it.

“Muffle it up, so that it can take no harm, nurse; but make it look like the girl’s bundle of clothes—get ready to come with me—say you are the girl’s mother if anybody asks you.”

The old woman rose—“For mercy’s sake—”

“Nurse, there is nothing to be afraid of—didn’t I say so that it could take no harm? Don’t you see that I am beginning to care for it?” Then she whispered in the nurse’s ear, “Sir Lionel’s child is dead. Emma does not know it; when she does, they say it will kill her, so much she loves it—so much she loves it. Quick, nurse! O nurse, be quick! there is not a moment to lose—on the way I will tell you all.”

“Hold the babe then, Lady Ana, while I—” Lady Ana drew back and folded her arms.

“Put it down—it will take no harm—I will not touch it.”

[At Sir Lionel’s.]

The new nurse, whom Lady Ana had travelled through the night to fetch, was thought to have done wonders for Sir Lionel’s child.

Lady Ana, bending over the reviving mother, drank in the nectar wine of her thankful smile when she was assured that her baby had rallied, and was doing well. Lady Ana met Sir Lionel on his return, and told him of the blessed change in wife and child; and he, pressing her hands and kissing her cheeks, called her “the angel who had come to the rescue of his angels.”

Then Lady Ana shut herself into her own room, which she had locked before she went away, and now kept locked, admitting only her own old nurse. She knelt by the bed on which had been laid the body of the dead baby, and she tried to pray for God’s forgiveness, and that he would bring good to those she loved out of the evil of her lying work.

Rising, she took the little corpse into her arms and wept over it, weeping as she had not wept since the night before her sister left her.

Her old nurse standing by her, muttered—

“It’s easy enough to see. If her baby had been Sir Lionel’s, she’d have found a moth-

er's heart for it. See her put this child against her breast—she who loathed the touch of the other, and would not suffer it to be laid there!”

Meanwhile Lady Ana, rocking the child, the dead child, on her bared bosom—

“Poor broken lily, you shall not be defrauded of your burial baptism of tears, nor of your cradling on a loving breast. For your father's sake I love you, baby! For your sweet mother's sake I love you, baby! For your own sake, and because I have wronged you, I love you, baby—I love you.”

So she went on rocking and murmuring and weeping, till the old nurse, fearing for her reason, took the little corpse from her, and stealthily carried it away.

SCENE III.

LADY ANA sits in the window of her great drawing-room on an April evening. Six years and half another lie between her and that September night, and Lady Ana is now but five-and-twenty, and this is the evening of her birthday.

The lines her face takes in repose make her look older than her years; they are those of habitual weariness—her expression is one of subjection to fate rather than of submission, the expression of a slave rather than of a servant. Yet there is a something over all the face that redeems it from sullenness. In the droop of the soft-fringed lids over the beautiful eyes there is a pathetic mournfulness. But at times they rise suddenly and let fly forth strange glances of passionate remorse and despair, of impassioned appeal, that are as glimpses of a soul well-nigh “crazed with waste life and unavailing days” in the present, with wild and evil memories of the past, with the blank hopelessness of the future.

This April evening Lady Ana's face mirrors somewhat of the spirit of what she looks upon.

It is the time of year when Witch-hampton Hall is fairest, the desolation of winter being clothed upon with beauty, but the place not yet choked up with the too rank luxuriance of summer vegetation. The trees, which grow too thick and too near the house, are only just faintly smiling into spring verdure; the copses all about are just beginning to flutter myriads of leafy wings above starry beds of primroses and hazy mists of hyacinths.

Glory of glories—though its most golden glory is now beginning to fade—far off, beyond the Pine Avenue and the wood, in the open expanse of the valley, is spread the field of the cloth-of-gold (a countless host of daffodils), changing sheen in each changing light, each breeze seeming to ripple up some deeper depth of glory.

Lady Ana watches the fading off of the last sunlight as the sun sinks behind the wooded hill. She is listening to the spring-beauty of the world—sitting lonely and lovely, and looking down upon such a wealth of lonely loveliness. Strange wonderings wander through her soul. She feels vaguely as if Love spoke to her from all this beauty upon which she alone looks—that Infinite Love which alone can pour out beauty thus, without measure and without stint. She feels for a few moments as if the great Love, loving the world with spring, included her in its loving—not only included her, but crowned her, singled her out. Then suddenly she thinks, “Where then was this Love when a blight was suffered to fall on all my life? How had I sinned so much beyond others that on me fell such black and hateful sorrow? If He is love—loving as a father, if he is strength—strong to omnipotence, what had I done that he let my orphan weakness cry out in vain?—that he turned his face aside, withheld his arm, and suffered the wicked to triumph?”

She had been ungoverned and ungovernable, had gloried in freedom, had rejected counsel, had been wild and reckless. But in that fatal, final, and false recklessness which had ruined her she had been actuated by something better than mere wilfulness—there had been a wild generosity of motive. She had meant, being false to herself, to be true to those she loved. Was there need she should be so sternly taught that truth cannot come out of falsehood—that evil must not be done that good may come? If this is to be the lesson of her life, the hardest text of it is yet to be learned.

“Is it then,” murmured Lady Ana, “that the Lord our God is a jealous God, and that ruin falls on those who would set their will above his, or who dare to think they can help out his will?”

Is Lady Ana most of a heathen, a Jewess, or a Christian? As yet her inward life is a strange medley. As she thinks of the past, her hands involuntarily clench themselves in

hate, and her features grow haggard, fierce even to ugliness. All the fair serenity passes from her face, for she no longer looks out on what is fair and calm, but within on what is foul and turbid.

"Why such foul thoughts on so fair an evening?" she cried, rising suddenly. She walked to and fro in the room, seeking to escape them. This great room has somewhat of a gaunt and hungry look; so large, so bare—no books, no music, no flowers, no little feminine odds and ends of ornament and furniture. As regards essentials, it is much as it has always been through all the years of the lives of the two orphan and desolate girls who had grown up at the Hall. But somehow, since Emma had gone away, it had always seemed to Lady Ana quite different.

Lady Ana returns to the window, opens one of the casements, and leaning out into the colored twilight, listens to the singing of full-throated birds; and, as she listens, her heart grows over-full, her throat fills, her eyes fill—great tears go splashing down on to the stones beneath. Suddenly she clears her eyes, dashing the tears from them, breathes forth the anguish from her throat, and fills it full of music. Emulous of the birds, perhaps, she, leaning forth into the holy evening, breaks into a wild, rich flood of passion-fed, untutored song, that goes ringing down the valley, filling it from hill to hill. What she sang was a wild old Welsh melody to which her heart set words, and her voice rang out so crystal clear that it hardly sounded like mortal singing of mortal melody, but rather like some spirit-singing, beginning you knew not when, coming from you not where, no more likely to end at one time than at another. It might have had for text the plaint of sad Isifole:—

"Lasciolla quivi gravida e soletta."

Irregular and wild, it echoingly played with some such words as these:—

"For thee, oh, never more, is this world fair!
For thee, oh, never more is this world kind!"
I hear my sentence shrieked out by the wind,
From the black pines that mock my dull despair.
'Never more!' Never more? Ah, God, so young!
And no warmth left for me in sun and shine!
The goblet broken as I lipped the wine,
And I left desolate, desert, undone!"

Something after such fashion sang Lady Ana, leaning her fair head on the stonework of the casement, looking forth with white,

fair face and bright, disordered hair over darkening wood and valley, holding her small hands folded upon her breast.

After a time her singing lost its full-toned wildness, and became more of a murmuring plaint, less of a lament than of an appeal, and the "Sehnsucht nach der Liebe" which was its soul was not wholly vague.

When, by and by, at some little noise in the room, she turned, still singing, she met the gaze of a pair of eyes that had not been far from her thoughts—her unconscious heart-thoughts.

Her voice died away, and she listened to a dearer voice as her hand was taken and held a moment.

"I stood below at the avenue-gate in the black shadow, and listened till a vague, superstitious fear trembled through me, and I almost doubted if it were the earthly singing of a mortal maiden. A few hours since I was treading the mud and mire of a crowded city, and was shoulder to shoulder with its squalid misery. The change is bewildering. Your singing was just the crowning enchantment of your enchanted valley."

She smiled sweetly into the gravely loving face.

"You see I am just as free here as the birds, and I suppose I am almost as wild. From morning till evening, from the beginning of the week to the week's end, I am alone. I am quite free to please myself in all things,—to sing or keep silent,—and this evening the singing mood was on me."

She sat down where she had sat before she began to sing. A faint flush had slowly crept over her face.

"You have quite lately seen my sister and Sir Lionel?" she asked, as she pointed out a seat to him with the unconsciously queenly manner she had sometimes.

"I stayed with them a few days, leaving them only last evening. I am heavily charged with loving messages; they have not forgotten what day this is. Let me add my earnest wishes that your life may be blessed and crowned with all that Infinite Love holds to be best for you—"

"Thank you—oh, I thank you," she breathed out—looked as if she would have said more, but paused. "They are well?" she asked, abruptly.

"Well—and happy as few people know how to be."

"Thank God!" said Lady Ana, softly, and a sweet peacefulness overspread her face. "Have you ever seen a woman as lovely as my Emma?" she asked.

"I have seen one woman who at times looks as lovely, but not always."

"Do you mean me?" asked Lady Ana, the hot blood mantling over her face.

"Yes," he answered, with a grave smile.

She remained silent and thoughtful, grew very pale, and shuddered. Presently she said—
—and there was the softest witchery of sweet, unconscious appeal in her poor face—"I might, perhaps, have been as lovely if, when I was as young, I had been as much loved. Yet I think not even then, for she was always good; from the very earliest I can remember the gentlest sweet creature always."

"You are cold," he said, noticing how again she shuddered, and he rose to shut the window. He stood some moments, looking out, then he asked, "Have I your permission to pass an hour or two with you, Lady Ana? There is much I want to say to you."

She shrank into herself and grew paler as she answered that she should be very pleased.

She had light brought, the fire made up, the tea prepared. And she, wholly unconscious of conventional usages, served her guest, *loving to serve*, and showing that she did so. He suffered this, touched to the core of his heart with her soft womanly, simple grace, and much marvelling how this fair girl had gained her character for wild pride and daring eccentricity and recklessness—for her character remained to her, though her life was now altered.

Lady Ana's guest had never before been her guest, save for the brief quarter of an hour of an occasional call: but often she had looked up into his face with calm, unflinching attention, often he had looked down into hers with growing interest and pity; often, too, had she heard him spoken of with love and veneration by those she loved: often had he heard her spoken of with a loving pathos of compassion. He was a near friend and distant relative of Sir Lionel, and now he was the rector, just a year ago appointed, of the little gray church looking into the river. He thought he knew all the story of Lady Ana's life—knowing how she, as well as the gentle Emma, had loved Sir Lionel.

The hours went by, strangely swift and sweet to Lady Ana. She sat a little in the

shadow, and the full blaze of the wood-fire, which paled the light of the faint-burning lamp, fell on the face of her guest, whose eyes, wonderfully calm in their brilliance, often sought hers.

He spoke to her as no one in her life had ever spoken to her, with such a mingling of tender deference and authority; and at his words there opened out before her vistas of new life that should no more be waste and aimless. But when he ceased to speak, the memory of the past rushed back, and all the high hope he had awakened died out again as that tide of bitterness surged up and filled her soul.

She said, "If, ten years ago, when I was young, I could have listened to you sometimes, then I might now indeed be like Emma, as lovely and as happy—fit for such a beautiful life as you fancy I might lead; but, as it is, it is not I who can help others to be happy, good, and pure!"

"When you were young," he echoed, with a smile.

"I am not old now, I know," she said. "Oh, how I sometimes wish I were old, that there might not lie before me such a dreary waste of years—old, and with all my senses dulled, that I should not have such power to suffer! I am not old in years, but my heart, somehow, is very old."

He listened with a smile so tenderly incredulous, she did not wish that he should believe her. He had a face, she thought, that somehow seemed all love—to love all it looked upon with all itself; not with eyes only, or with eyes and mouth, but with every line and light and shadow: withal, it was a face manly, full of power—the power of love.

He rose presently.

"You will have a lovely walk," she said; "the moon is up. It is a lonely walk, is it not, all down my lonely valley, and then up the hill and down the long lane where the owls hoot?"

"Your lonely valley is indeed lonely. I often think of its loneliness. In the winter—at the time of those terrible storms—I used sometimes to be driven to leave my fireside and come out here, just to walk round your house and see if all looked as usual. Once or twice I was impelled to do this at night, and then the wild isolation of your position smote me with a heart-paining blow."

"You came out here in storms and at night

to watch over me! How good of you!" Her eyes, filling with tears, were more eloquent than her poor words.

"Not good at all," he answered, quickly, "for I could not help it! It was for my ease. I am fast learning, Lady Ana, to be uneasy always when I am not near you—for I love you."

"You—love—me!" she faltered.

"Is it so strange? Having seen your sweet, fair face shining below me, star-bright, in my little dusky church so often—having heard your sweet, fair name so often named with love by lips I love, is it so strange that I have learned to love you, and that I long to give you a life less desolate and waste than this you lead now? Is this strange, my sweet lady?"

"Is it strange?—my sweet, fair name." Ah, heaven! you cannot think how strange!—strange as music from heaven heard by one in hell."

This she murmured, cowering back as much into the dusk as might be, and with her hands hiding her burning face. His words had wakened feelings that had been but lightly sleeping: her heart rose up and cried out within her that she loved him.

"It is so—strange as it may seem to you, it is so! Has your heart any love to give me? Will you trust your loneliness to my love, your liberty to my law? Will you be my wife?"

"Wife," she whispered to herself. "His wife—happiness, love—love, happiness—for me! Tempted, tempted, tempted—"

Of the devil—and love is of God, and brings strength to resist the temptations of the devil. It brought her strength; she took her hands from before her poor, quivering face; she looked up into his face, and said, in a voice that strove to be firm—

"I thank you, from my heart. I love you, from my heart. It is my love for you makes me able to be true. Loving you, I would not wrong you. I cannot marry you—I must not marry any one. There is something stands between. I am not what you think me." Again she cowered into the darkness, and again she hid her burning face.

What did he think? Why, that the exquisite delicacy of her maiden modesty made her thus morbidly reproach herself that she had loved Sir Lionel with unrequited love—Sir Lionel who had loved her sister.

"At least," she answered to his further pleadings, "leave me now, and let me have time to think." Was the devil asserting himself?

He answered, "I will take that time to hope," and having kissed her hand, he left her.

* * * * *

An hour later, old nurse found her darling weeping, passionately, convulsively. She had thrown herself upon the floor, and laid her fair head where his feet had been.

The old woman, not without suspicion of what had passed, raised the poor girl, and strove to calm her.

"O nurse, I love him, and I would so fain be happy," she sobbed. "But I may not—I dare not. As a little child longs for its mother, and stretches its arms towards her, and on her bosom knows rest, so I long for his love, and stretch towards it, and in his bosom could know rest. But I may not—I dare not."

"May not! dare not! Who says so, lamb of mine?" she cried, with passionate pride.

"I say so, nurse. I blot his life with mine!—he, of all men—he whose life is so pure, so good—he of all men, to have for a wife a woman such as I am!—a woman whose shame may at any moment be in all mouths."

"Hush, hush, hush!" cried the nurse, and then there followed a to and fro of passionate talk. By and by Lady Ana, wearied out, rested her head on her nurse's shoulder and murmured—

"It shall be, then, as you say. He will come to-morrow—you will tell him; after—I shall see him no more—but oh, I love him, nurse, I love him—I will go on loving him! Remembering that he has loved me, I will try to grow good."

* * * * *

Next day, at the same twilight hour, Lady Ana stood in her drawing-room, waiting for one last look—waiting to see him whom she loved go away—leaving her forever. Old nurse had met him outside the house, to make sure of speaking to him before he saw her lady.

A step across the hall—his step—he entered the room.

Like a wild thing driven to bay, Lady Ana left the window to crouch, literally crouch, hiding her face with her hands, in the darkest corner of the room. But when he came close,

when he spoke, when she felt his nearness and heard his voice, she rose up, drove the burning blood back from her face, stood before him white and calm: the holy might of her love gave her power so tacitly to honor the untarnished purity of her soul and will.

The last fair light of heaven was full upon his face; she looked into it, and even then wondered at its beauty. He raised her hand to his lips, and did not release it. She spoke first,—

"You leave me, but not in scorn; you are too noble to know scorn. May God in heaven bless you for ever and ever for having loved me, for your gentleness in leaving me. And now, for pity's sake, go." She ended with a heart-broken passion of appeal shrilling her voice, and would have sunk down upon the ground.

But he took her in his arms and pressed her head against his breast, and made her understand how he meant that it should be with her for all her future—his arms her shelter, her resting-place his breast.

For a few moments she yielded utterly, and knew nothing but his love and her delicious rest. But soon came the sting of conscience and the chill of icy doubt, and she cried, "Nurse has been false! she has not told you all. Leave me, leave me, leave me! this can never be! Leave me while I have any strength to bid you go."

"She swore that, as she hoped for mercy, she had told me all. My soul is full of pity and of love, and I will not leave you."

She let her head droop against his breast again. The fair present was so fair, life was so sweet, love so good, she hardly had a faculty left that could believe in the dark past as other than a hateful, hideous dream.

Yet when she had been alone some hours—when she had lain some hours sleepless in her white bed, watching the moonlight move along the ink-black floor, shaking with the fear of her new happiness—suddenly that horror of doubt again stood up and would be heard, chilling all her blood with its suggestions. She rose and moved herself like a fair moonbeam, along the moonlit room, and passed into that in which the old nurse slept.

She bent over the woman till she awakened her, then she said,—

"Nurse, did you tell him *all*? My shame and, since, my sin? For pity's sake, dear nurse, be true! Did you tell him *all*?"

"All, as I hope for mercy at my end! I'm an old woman, and can't last long: as I hope for mercy, I told him *all*."

Lady Ana, after kissing the old woman, went back to her white bed.

The old nurse turned in hers and groaned—"Now God forgive me, and have mercy upon my poor miserable soul! But if the devil have me or no, no great matter if my lying makes the sweet lamb happy."

Then she pulled the bed-clothes up over eyes and ears, and slept again.

It was not till Lady Ana was married "safe and fast" that the old nurse confessed to her how little of her story her husband knew. She then accompanied this confession by entreaties to Lady Ana, *for her husband's sake*, and *as she valued his happiness*, not to speak now.

SCENE IV.

THE weather without is wet and wild; chill, though summer is hardly gone by. A great fire blazes in the hearth of the Hall drawing-room, and on either side sit Lady Ana and her sister, Sir Lionel's wife. They are both silently watching a boy who, stretched on the leopard-skin rug full in the ruddy blaze, is playing at being a wild beast, snarling, showing his pretty teeth, pretending to be a tiger who has fixed upon and is worrying the leopard.

When Lady Ana's eyes quit the boy it is to look towards the great window, outside which the trees are rocking in the tempest, black against a pale sky. When Sir Lionel's wife turns from him, it is to bend over a lovely little baby-girl sleeping on her knees. Sir Lionel's wife is more beautiful as a matron even than she was as a girl. She is dark and lovely; dark, with that sort of inwardly-alight, clear darkness that one is tempted to call fairer than fair; lovely, with a gentle, unimpassioned, unimpassionable loveliness that is in some holily mystical way redeemed from any suspicion of insipidity.

Lady Ana does not look beautiful or lovely just now; in the firelight her face shows haggard, almost fierce; she brings her eyes back from the window to fix them again on the boy.

Presently his mother softly chides him for the roughness of his play, the loudness of his ugly noises, telling him he will wake and frighten baby.

"Send baby away then—I must finish killing this beast," is his answer, and he goes on

playing as before. Emma sighs, and watches him with a slight sadness, a gentle fear and wonder clouding her sweet brow: then she droops her eyes upon the face of her baby-girl, and bends to touch that with her lips.

Just then the boy looked up into his Aunt Ana's face: she called him to her; he stands at her knees, she presses her hands upon his shoulders, and looks into his face. Erect as a dart he stands there, gazing back into the gazing eyes: his lips, too thin for a child's mouth, are at first still curled as they were while he imitated a tiger's snarl: but after a while they began to quiver; he could bae that look no longer. Suddenly his proud, unchildlike face flushed crimson, and his eyes filled; he broke away from those detaining hands, rushed towards his mother, hid himself behind her chair.

"Your boy is afraid of me, Emma," said Lady Ana, with a smile that was no less than ugly, but which Emma did not see, for just then the boy burst into a howl of angry distress, which he tried to stifle with his mother's gown. The baby woke, began to cry; nurse appeared and would have carried off both the children, but that young Lionel refused to go. He presently left off crying, and threw himself upon his rug—not to play again, but to watch his Aunt Ana's face, which seemed to have for him some fascination full of fear.

"Can't you make him obey you, Emma? Send him away," Lady Ana said by and by, shading her eyes with her hand as she spoke, but from under it still watching the boy.

"Go to the nursery, Lionel, and play there. When papa comes home you shall come down again," the mother spoke softly and caressingly. The child paid no heed. "Do as you are told—go directly," Ana commanded. The boy colored rebelliously, but got up and went.

"Emma, you will never make that child obedient; you speak to him as if you were afraid of him. That is not the way to rule a boy like that," Lady Ana said, when the door had closed.

"I know," sighed Sir Lionel's wife—"I am afraid of him—afraid of making him naughty, for then he is quite unmanageable. I do not understand him. I cannot get at the good in him. I do not manage him well: I try so hard too—I am so afraid of not being a good mother to him. He is a noble-looking boy, but he is strangely incomprehensible.

Ana," she continued, in her low, calm, monotonous, sweet voice, "do you see any likeness in my boy to any one you have ever known? There is a something that has puzzled me for years in his face—it has just now come to me who it is that he at times reminds me of. It is very strange! Do you see any likeness in him to—"

"You can hardly expect me to have found out in one day what it has taken you years to discover," interrupted Lady Ana, and her clear voice was so sharp that it startled her sister. "The boy is like his father, it seems to me."

"Like his father? Dear Ana, how can you think so? Surely, Ana, you have forgotten my Lionel, with his grand open brow, his tawny locks, his fearless eyes of bright seagray. He is so little like that I am always sorry now that we called him Lionel—little Harry is much more like his father. Surely, dear sister, you have forgotten my Lionel."

"I have not forgotten your Lionel, Emma, and still I think young Lionel is like his father."

"But, Ana, where can you find any resemblance? I cannot conceive how—"

"I do find it—both to father and mother."

"You see no likeness, then, to any other person?"

"I hold to what I have said: he is much like his father—there is some resemblance to his mother; beyond this I see nothing to remind me of any one."

"As to the likeness to the first, thank God that you can think so—as to the likeness to me, Lionel often says he is more like you. I trust that this is a mere fancy of mine; I shall not mention it to Lionel—it might pain him, for he always had a bad opinion of the man I am thinking of. How long since all that seems! Perhaps you have almost forgotten what a splendid rider he was! Lionel says our boy is a born horseman. You never ride now, Ana, do you? I used to think you could not live without it. What furious gallops you would have on the down up there! I remember so well how I used to sit here and shudder, and fancy all kinds of horrors, when it grew dark and you did not come home. That happened so often the last few weeks I was at home here, before my marriage, you seemed so wild and restless—it grieved me very much. I knew what it meant, darling Ana; it was your way of hid-

ing from me what pain it was to lose me. Wasn't it, love?"

"In part."

"And in part something else that I think I know too. What a wild, neglected, lonely life we had when we were young! Till Lionel came back to England there was no one to control us or care for us,—no one with more authority than dear old nurse. It was very strange. Since I have been married, Lionel has told me what, perhaps, you knew all along—how our father deserted us, nobody knows why, though some people said he was mad with jealousy, and believed that our dead mother had wronged him—how he went away and died suddenly, before he had made any provision for us beyond asking Lionel's father not to lose sight of us altogether—and Lionel's father died, and our mother had no relations alive, and so we grew up with only faithful old nurse to look after us: it was very strange, and oh, how thankful I often feel that we came to no harm! If I had not been so young and ignorant, and so used to look up to you, I should have been more frightened for you about that man. As it was, it was Lionel who taught me to fear for you; he always said that you were the more in danger, having so little fear—that the timidity which instinctively shrank from danger was a woman's best armor, and that this you had not."

Lady Ana had risen and come close to her sister. She bent over her and said,—

"As you love me, never talk to me again of that past. As to that man, I hate him so, Emma, that sometimes I hate to live, fearing that he is still alive. Sometimes I hate all the world, fearing that somewhere he is in it still."

Emma shrank away a little and turned very pale. "Hush, hush, hush, my poor sister; you who love so much cannot hate. Forgive me, darling; I did not know you had ever really cared for him—I did not know—I do not understand. What wrong did he do you? Did he make you love him, and then did he leave you, dearest? How was it?"

"You wrong me too much, Emma. It was not so. I never loved him." She stood erect now and gazed into the fire; and as she saw again the last scene played between her and that man, her eyes flashed fiercely. "He grovelled at my feet," she said, "and I—I

struck him! That was how we parted. Emma, you have raised the devil, speaking of those evil times. He is at my feet again; again I raise my hand; my whip is in it, and I leave my mark—yes, I leave my mark!"

"Ana, Sister Ana!" Emma had risen and now wound her sister in her arms. "Calm yourself, my poor darling. Let love drive out the last remnants of that old hate. You are no longer alone and defenceless. You can never more be driven to such self-defence. It is terrible to think you should ever have known such need; but that can never be again. You must forgive, my darling. We must all forgive, as we hope to be forgiven."

"As we hope to be forgiven!" murmured Lady Ana, and leaned her cheek upon her sister's hair. So they stood, wound in each other's arms. Presently Lady Ana said, in a strange, low voice—

"Would it grieve you much to lose that boy? You have the others, Harry and little Ana, and the lovely baby-girl. Surely, you do not love that headstrong, unloving boy as you do the others?"

"If I do not, may God forgive me!" said Emma, fervently. "But do not call him headstrong and unloving—he is not always as you have seen him to-day. Indeed, he is very good and generous sometimes." "O Ana, why do you say I do not love him as I do the others! I trust I do—oh! I trust I do—my first-born, whom I loved so much when he was a baby that I nearly died of fear that I should lose him. Surely, Ana, you have not forgotten that. And God spared him, and you think I do not love him? O Ana, what have I done—what have you seen—that you should think so?"

"Nothing."

"Something there must have been—something that I have done, or neglected to do. Tell me what, darling Ana; pray tell me!"

Just then there was a noise of wheels, a barking of dogs. The sisters started apart—Lady Ana to ring for lights and to order the tea to be served, Sir Lionel's wife to hasten to the hall to meet her husband.

The great drawing-room was lighted up, and the crimson drapery drawn before the window, when Sir Lionel entered it, Emma hanging fondly on his arm. In the middle of the room his hostess met him. The light of a shaded lamp fell on the glorious crowned head and on the fair oval cheek: she wel-

comed him with a sweet, bright smile, and as she stood before him thus, she was most softly beautiful. He looked into her face with a penetrating glance as he thanked her for her welcome, calling her "my own dear sister." She met the glance with fearless gladness, and he stooped and kissed her. Then they both remembered what had passed on the night when they had last met there—that night on which Lady Ana had made her passionate confession. But Sir Lionel thought more of their only meeting since, their meeting at his house, and said,—

"We have not met since that sad night when you came like an angel of light and mercy into my sad household, and, under God's blessing, saved me my dear ones." She turned from him suddenly: he said no more about the past.

"When may we hope to see your husband?" he asked by and by.

"Oh, very soon; perhaps to-morrow," she answered, radiantly. "Life is very weary when he is away. I grow wicked when he is away," she added, with a look at Emma.

Kissing her sister, as she lingered in her room before they parted for the night, Lady Ana said,—

"You have often told me that you longed for the time to come when I would know and love your husband. The time is come; I dare love your husband now, Emma dear, now that I so utterly, so absolutely, love my own. For the years to come we will be much together—at least I trust it may be so, sweet one."

"Was it true then, Ana? O Ana, was it true what I sometimes feared?" murmured Sir Lionel's wife.

"It was. I loved your Lionel even as you loved him. I do not mind your knowing this now. I am not ashamed of having loved him; though I am sorry—I would rather my husband had had all my love always." Over those words the gentle Lady Emma pondered when she was alone. She blessed her sister in her heart, and praised her as most noble, generous, and devoted—could hardly grieve over her past pain, knowing her so happy now.

"So happy!" Then came a momentary doubt of the completeness of this happiness—a painful recollection of fierce looks, wild words, such as it was difficult to reconcile with love and happiness. Sir Lionel's wife

determined that never again would she trouble the peace of her sister's present happiness by raising that spectre of the past—the remembrance of wrong and insult, and of revengeful passion and hate.

"A little while, and she will forget it all," she murmured; "she has not loved long yet. A little while, and she will forget how to hate."

Lady Ana, alone in her own chamber, that same night writes a love-letter most passionately tender to her husband. Then she reads and re-reads his last letter, kisses it many times, lays it in her bosom, sits holding it there, pressing it there, gazing into the fire. Tears of love and happiness fill and overflow her eyes and run unheeded down her cheeks.

How very fair she looks—how tender, sweet, and young, while the happy, untroubled love-dream lasts! But there comes a gradual change—trouble and fear steal over the face. "O my love, my love, my love!" she cried; "woe is me that you ever loved me! If, a few months ago, I had known what is such love as yours—if, a few months ago, I had loved you as I love you now, I had never, never, never let you call the thing I am your own. How dared I? How dared I? If I had known one-half your goodness, I had not dared! I thought I could grow good and fair in love; but how can I, being false to you who are so true? For years I have borne my hellish secret, and not known how it poisoned all my life. For years I have borne it for my own sake, and now I must bear on and on forever—for yours. There is no way in which I do not wrong you—keeping silent, I wrong you, and, with all my life, lie to you; speaking, I should kill you. There is no way in which I do not wrong you."

She wrung her hands together—the letter dropped from her bosom. "Yes," she said, "even the senseless paper knows that what his hand has rested on my bosom is not worthy to hold."

"When you have learned to value honor and to love life, then remember me."

It was almost as if those words were spoken in her ear; she looked slowly round, chill after chill running through her blood.

"Yes, your time is come," she said. "You can strike me now through one I love, and I shall feel it—through one who makes

honor dear and life sweet. But, O God, merciful God, you will not suffer it! For his sake—my husband's, who is in truth your servant, pure and undefiled—you will not suffer the triumph of the wicked!"

She threw herself on her knees and broke into most passionate entreaty for any punishment that she could bear alone.

"Did you call me, my lady?" asked the old nurse, roused from her sleep by her mistress's sobs and cries. She came in just as Lady Ana rose from her knees.

"No, nurse; but since you are here, stay with me. See, put this great shawl round you, and stay with me a little—you will not be cold so. To-night, of all nights in the year, it is dreadful for me to be alone."

"To-night? oh, ay! To-night, just seven years ago, young master was born! They keep his birthday just one week too late, as we know, my pretty."

"Nurse, what do the servants say about him?"

"Not much good—they call him an evil-natured child, and I've heard them say how that they can't understand that such a child should belong to their master and mistress. But maybe he's only a bit high-spirited and haughty—no harm in him. Any way, he's a noble boy to look at!"

"It was an evil gift I gave my sister—an evil gift! and, oh! I fear it will bring her sorrow and trouble, nurse. But, nurse, surely, he will grow good; surely, they will make him good."

"Perhaps they may, my lamb. Don't you fret for that. Trouble must come into all lives; if they have trouble with this boy, mayhap some other trouble 'ull be spared them. Anyways, you did it for the best, and out of naught but love and kindness."

"But it was wicked, nurse! O nurse! if you had let me die before that boy was born! It is terrible to live a life like mine, harming all that I love and all that love me."

"Not master, my lady; not your husband, my pretty. Aren't you the joy and light of his life? No harm done while he does not know."

"All harm done, nurse. He has a false and wicked wife, and we let him think he has a pure and true one! And who can tell, nurse, how soon he may have to know?"

"It's less than likely he need ever know,

the girl being dead, poor thing, who nursed young master, and she never out of my sight after she came into it. Trust me to guard your fair fame, my lamb! The old woman who nursed Lady Emma being dead too, and she swearing to me, just before she died, that she had never breathed a word to any living creature. Not that she suspected other than that you had bribed that girl to give up her baby that you might pass it off for the dead child, and so save your sister."

"But the man himself, nurse! O nurse! he'll neither forget nor yet forgive. His words, 'When you have learned to value honor and to love life, remember me,' will not out of my head to-night. O nurse! if only you had let me die; or, nurse, if you had been true! Dear nurse, you did it for the best I know."

"I did, my lady; and I take it not kind that you keep casting in my face now how I lied for you, holding my very soul cheap for you! These words, keeping in your head as you say they do, is a sign, maybe, that he's soon to die. I've heard of such death-signs. Since you're so set on truth, my lady, I have something on my mind I had sooner tell. Anyway, it's safer that you should know, perhaps."

"About him?" asked Lady Ana, at once turning white and sick.

"About him. Two evenings ago, just at dusk, something made me take a fancy (knowing that the mother was coming here, perhaps) to go and see how the place looked where I put Lady Emma's baby. It was in the thick of the wood, you mind, my pretty. I couldn't find the place at first, for the moss-stone with the mark on it is choked over with the dead leaves that have fallen and fallen there these six years that it is since we set it there. While I was stirring about among the leaves, near a tree that looked like the tree, I thought I heard a rustling near me; so down I sat and pretended I had been looking for beechmasts. I cracked some, and made a show of eating the kernels, all the while listening, but not looking round. I heard nothing more, and by and by I got up and moved away, but, after a bit, I doubled back, and then I saw a man groping about where I had stirred the leaves, digging among them with his hands."

"Ah, heavens!" shuddered Lady Ana—"It was— He is here—near me—O God!"

"Hush, hush, hush, my pretty! Hear the rest. There's nothing much to fright ye. I tried and tried, and peered and peered, but I couldn't make out his face, it was growing so dark; but to-night I went prowling about at the same hour—I met him, and I mocked him finely! I mocked him finely!" chuckled the old nurse. "I mocked him finely—made him think you're dead."

"Quick, nurse—quick, quick, let me hear all, at once—if—he—is—still—near—me," Lady Ana gasped, and then she fell back in her chair and fainted.

Bitterly chiding herself now for the momentary anger and pique that had made her rough and untender—for the bluntness of her old senses that did not teach her what her darling must suffer—nurse lavished all her cares upon her mistress, and by and by restored her: then she helped her to her bed—she would have her lie down there, while she sat by her to finish her story.

"Yes, I mocked him finely, as you shall hear. He didn't know me, belike he had never seen me; or if he had, one old woman's like enough to another in a young man's fancy; but I knew his handsome tiger-face well enough. When I came upon him, he was standing upon the hillock where the big pine grows—from there he could see into the great drawing-room. Sir Lionel had just drawn back the curtains to look upon the night—"

"And I did not feel his nearness, and creep and shudder to the marrow of my bones!"

"As luck would have it, or a merciful Providence—"

"Alas, nurse! not for me."

"Put it as you will, only you were not there—not in the room, my lady. You were just gone up to your chamber. The children were all come down to bid Sir Lionel good-night. I looked over that fiend's shoulder, creeping up the back of the hillock—I got behind him, and stood nigher the top than he. No fear he would hear me—for the wind made the noise of wind and sea together shrieking in the tree about our heads—so I looked over his shoulder, and saw what he saw. They were all there, as I said, and the firelight shining full on them. Sir Lionel had a boy and a girl climbing about him; his lady had the baby on her lap, and right in the midst, standing on the rug, was young master—and you not there!—as luck or

Providence would have it—you not there," chuckled the old woman.

"O nurse, go on," groaned her auditor.

"Is he near me still?"

"No, no, not he. But listen. Cries I close into his ear, 'A fine sight, sir, aint it?'"

"Says he, turning upon me at once, fierce and frightened, it seemed to me, 'Who the devil are you, you old hag?'"

"Says I—'It wouldn't hurt you to keep a civiler tongue. I am a poor old nurse-body from the village above there, with the breath well-nigh blown out of me, and the hill to climb this wild night.' For reason of the wind, I still shrieked right into his ear.

"Answers he, quite civil—'A fine sight, as you say—and who may those people be? And who does this grand place belong to? I'm a stranger travelling this way by chance. Could I see the house, do you think, old mother?—not to-night, of course, but if I come again to-morrow.' (All the while I knew by the look of him that he wouldn't dare come again in daylight.)

"Says I—'No, surely! and where's the manners of you to ask it? Can't you see as the family is here?'"

"Then he—'And who are "the family"?"

"Then I—'Aren't you a-looking at them? There's the master and there's the young master (just striking his sister), and there's the sister, and another boy to be the heir if the elder should die; and there's the lady, the mistress, and the last baby on her knees.'

"Then he—'Of course I can see all that as well as you, you old fool!' (only the compliment spoken as he thought I shouldn't hear); 'but what is the name of the fellow you call the master?'"

"Then I—'I don't call any fellow master; but the master is called Sir Lionel. His other name is Wintenhouse, or something like that.'

"Then he—'How comes he to be the master? I mean, has the house been his long?'"

"Then I—'About seven year, I'm thinking. It come to him through his wife, I've heard, and was in her family. But I don't know everything. I haven't lived my life in these parts.'

"Then he—and I fancied he turned whiter—'Is Sir Lionel's wife the only surviving member of the family then? I mean,' he

added, as if I didn't know the sense of his big words, 'are all the rest dead?'

"Then I— So it seems."

"Then he— Hadn't Sir Lionel's wife any brother or sister?"

"Then I— I've heard tell that there was a sister. But I'm not going to let out all I know of a good family to any stranger I meet. That's not what we poor old nurse-bodies call honor."

"Then he— slipping a bit of gold into my hand— 'There was a sister you say—she is dead then?'

"Then I— If all's true they tell, it's no pity, poor sinner!"

"Then he— 'You know more than another, I fancy. You nursed her in her—in her last illness, perhaps?' (He didn't speak steady.)

"Then I— Last illness! poor soul! It was a short and sharp one—no time for nursing, and no need."

"Then he, quite fierce and gripping my arm— 'Tell me all you know, old woman! how and when she died, and if she killed her child?'

"Then I, as fierce as he— 'Who said she had a child? you spy, you impostor, you! You are the villain, are you? You are the wretch of a murderer come back to see the graves of your victims!'

"Then he— 'I, old idiot? Take care, or I'll insure your silence. Where are those graves you speak of? not in the churchyard?'

"Then I— 'There's more bodies than lie in churchyard, as there's more murderers than come to the gallows!'

"Then he, passionately— 'She was not murdered?'

"Then I— 'You know that well enough; knowing that if she had been it would have been you as done it, and none other! Sweet lamb! there wasn't another, man or devil, would have done it!'

"Then he, in a rage— 'Woman, speak! What did become of her and the child?'

"Then I, making believe to be very cunning— 'Look at young master there. He's just the age, and he's no lamb like his brother and sister.'

"Then he, quite pleasant-like, and without looking where I pointed— 'I see you are no fool. I know you now, old friend; no hope of throwing me off the scent like that. Last night I had the pleasure of watching you as you searched for something in the wood.

What you did not find I did—a little grave, a baby's. But where does *she* lie—the mother?'

"Then I— Not with them as dies a natural death."

"Then he, as if talking to himself— 'Dead, that beautiful wild creature! Dead, and by her own hand! I could be sorry if—if it were not for this.' He touched his forehead with a finger, but it was too dark for me to see if there were any mark there."

"Then I— Who said she killed herself? You villain, you! wont you even leave her memory alone, but you must blacken that?' With this I moved away, knowing he would follow me. I was in mortal terror that you would come down, and they not having dropped the curtain!

"Then he,—I not stopping or giving him a chance to speak till the house was hidden from us by the trees, and we stood at that gate where you thought he'd have been killed the last night you saw him, when his horse ran away—as for sure he must have been if the gate hadn't been set open for Sir Lionel's carriage. You remember how you made me go down with you to look before you'd go to bed that night?"

"Yes, yes, nurse. Go on."

"Then he, as we stood by that gate— 'Thank you for your last words, old woman; her memory—something may be made of that.'

"He leaned upon the gate, hindering me from passing through, and seemed to think. I watched him. Ah, if he'd stood by the brink of the river with that evil face, and I as nigh him as I stood then, ill it would have fared with him if he hadn't been able to swim. Old woman as I am, I'd have found strength to push him in!"

"Hush, hush, hush, nurse!" broke in Lady Ana. "Have pity on me: the sin of all your evil thoughts is mine; have pity."

"Listen! hear what he said next with a sneer— 'Sir Lionel was fond of his wife's sister—is fond of his wife—the family honor will be dear to him. He shall pay for it though she's dead.'

"Villain as he is, that word 'dead' seemed to hurt him— 'Dead,' says he again, 'dead—and that blow?—it was only a girl's blow. Pshaw! I would forgive her, if I could afford it; but I cannot.'

"Then I— 'It's likely Sir Lionel will be-

lieve any story you may trump up against a dead girl!—a girl he and his wife almost worship, not knowing.’

“Then he—‘It’s *not* likely, unless I have proof.’

“Then I—‘And there’s no one body in the world but me can give it you.’

“Then he (scowling at me close under my bonnet)—‘And you—you wait to know how much I am going to offer you?’

“Then I—‘Maybe ay, maybe nay. I’m but poor, and I’m old and past work, and yet love life like another. But I’ve my feelings, too, like another; and it’s not for a little I’d disturb that dead girl’s rest.’

“Then he—‘For the present I’ll disappoint you. Just now I’m pressed for time’ (here he glanced round him as he had done often before). ‘If at some future period I want you, how shall I ask after you?—what name do you go by?’

“Then I—‘In the village up there they know me as Mother Grildes. I’ll serve you as you serve me, my fine gentleman.’

“Then he—‘Old hag! I understand you.’ Then he muttered again—‘Dead! dead! Well, I’d rather let her dust rest in such peace and honor as it may—I will, if I’m not driven to extremes!’ With a ‘good-evening, old mother,’ he moved away. But he came back and said, ‘If you breathe a word anywhere about of having seen me, I’ll not forget you the next dark night we meet!’

“My lamb, you’ve not much to fear from him while he believes you’re dead. The devil is not all black, they say.”

“But, nurse, you forget. One question asked in either of the villages will show him how you have deceived him—and then his rage.”

“Wouldn’t he have questioned first rather than last, if he’d meant to question at all? He had a hunted, harried look. He’ll not stop to question, for fear his turn should come to answer. He’s not much altered, and he was too well known in these parts. He’ll not show by daylight. There was old Tamling, the blacksmith, at Witch-hampton, and Ned Bury, the carrier, up at Chine-dandon, both swore, years ago, to serve him out, if ever they had the chance, *and he knows it*. He’ll not stay anywhere in these parts, or show in them by daylight. He wholly believes you’re dead, and ’ll be off far enough by this. He’s

one as makes any place he’s known in too hot to hold him again in a hurry.”

“Nurse, dear nurse, no more of him. It makes my very soul sick. But, nurse, I am sorry that I ever struck him; I could almost—but, no, no, no.”

“To keep silence, on and on, forever—is that not the only punishment I can now bear alone? Is it not heavy, heavy—will it not grow ever heavier?”

So groaned Lady Ana when old nurse, believing that at last her mistress slept, had gone back to her own bed, and left her alone.

SCENE V.

[*Ten years later.*]

“I HATE you all! I will bear it no longer—I will go away. You shall never, any of you, hear of me again, unless it is in some way that shall show you how I hate you!”

A tall, slight boy, whose fine-featured face was now distorted by passion, stood with defiantly folded arms in the great drawing-room window of Witch-hampton Hall, and hurled these words at Sir Lionel.

Sir Lionel was pacing the room in great and evident agitation. Lady Emma sat by the fireside, her youngest child on her knees, the others gathered round her, aghast at their brother’s insolent and violent conduct.

Sir Lionel approached the boy.

“Come with me,” he said. “You are not fit to remain in the same room with your mother and sisters.”

“Let them go, then. I will not, till I choose.”

Sir Lionel drew nearer; his face was white, but resolute; the boy uncrossed his arms, a gleam of tigerish ferocity shot from his eyes—another moment, and there would have been a struggle for mastery. Just in time Lady Ana stood between them. In a voice more sad than severe, but that showed not the slightest doubt that she would be obeyed, she told the boy to leave the room immediately, and go to the library. She followed him.

Emma sent the children all away, bidding them not go near their brother; then she went to her husband. Sir Lionel had seated himself at the table, leaning his head upon his hands. Emma folded her arm round his neck, and murmured, “God comfort you, my poor Lionel. What will become of him? What must we do with him?”

"What will become of him God only knows," answered Sir Lionel. He tried to rouse himself from his deep dejection. Passing his arm round his wife, he added, "It would be strange if our lot had not some flaw in it: but it seems strange that this should be the flaw; and how to act for the boy's good I cannot tell. I must in some way have failed and fallen far short of my duty towards him."

"You could not help it," said Emma, timidly: "but towards him, it has seemed to me, that we have both acted from duty, and not love. Sometimes I think he feels this."

"Yet Ana, who has such influence over him, does not love him."

"I do not know," Emma answered, thoughtfully.

"I shall go now and find Ana's husband, and talk the matter over with him."

"Perhaps if, when we leave, we could leave him behind under their charge for a while—"

"I have thought of that, Emma. But it does not seem to me right that we should lay our burdens on others; we ought to learn to bear them ourselves. And Ana, ever since old nurse's death, has seemed so weak and ill that she is not fit to bear the shock of such scenes as that of to-day."

Meanwhile, Lady Ana had softly turned the key upon young Lionel, and had then, with a feeble, faltering step, gone up to her own room.

She locked herself in, and knelt by the window. Her face, as she knelt there, raising her eyes to the pale sky of the autumn afternoon, looked bloodless and haggard.

"The time has come!" she moaned—"the time has come! Now God be pitiful to him, my only beloved, my husband. O my great one, my strong one, my true one—you who so believe in the saving power of love—little you thought how your words—from which, since you spoke them, I have had no rest—"If you could love him, Ana, your love might save him, for some fascination draws him towards you,"—little you thought how those words would open a grave in my heart, which, after letting out a long-buried lie, would close again over all the joy and light and life of life. My love might save him! The time is come when I must try. Yet oh, a little longer, a little longer; the years of your love, my husband, have been as days,

and now the days of my life will be as years, so long and weary. A little longer—love me a little longer before I lose your love forever. Yet why lose it? Shall I not be less unworthy of your love—a little less unworthy? Ah, but he has not known me, and now he must. My husband, my husband, oh, how I love you! oh, how I pity—oh, how I would spare you! And God, he loves you more and better; he pities you, and he *can* spare you."

In her agony she pushed open the casement, leaning out for air. She saw her husband below, walking up and down with Sir Lionel. At the noise of her window he looked up and was startled at her face.

A moment, and she heard his step upon the stair, and then his hand upon the lock.

She opened the door to him: when he had closed it she threw herself upon his breast, her arms flung wildly round his neck; straining herself against him, she wept as one who weeps very life away.

"My own dearest love, my darling one," he murmured, making vain efforts to soothe her. "What is it? You are more ill, more weak to-day. But what is this sad trouble?"

"I am ill, very ill and weak," she sobbed; "and you—you are going from me."

"For two days, love," he said, with a tender smile. "But if you are not better, I will not leave you for two hours. You have been shaken by the scene with that miserable boy. Lionel has been telling me. Calm yourself; I will not leave till you are better."

"I shall never be better till I am dead!" she cried. "And yet I am growing better—it is the growing better that kills me. Kiss me, husband, hold me closer—love me, love me. One moment more. Now, leave me, dear love—I will grow calm. I shall grow so soonest left alone."

She drew herself out of his arms, and looked into his face. Then suddenly she fell upon his breast again, crying,—

"My heart is breaking. O husband, don't you feel it breaking? Oh, how I love you—how I love you! Remember how I love you—never forget how I love you!"

"I shall not leave you to-morrow, Ana," he said, in gravest, tenderest concern; "it is no duty that calls me. Indeed, poor child, I will not leave you."

"We will see," she said, "it is a long time till to-morrow. Who can tell what will hap-

pen? Now go down to poor Lionel. I will come down soon."

But when he turned to obey her she called him back, and again she strained him in her arms as if, indeed, they were about to part forever.

He left her reluctantly, greatly troubled at her state. A few months since, about the time her old nurse died, a change had come over Lady Ana—a nameless illness, a trouble more of the mind than of the body, but telling surely upon her physical condition.

During the last ten years of her life, Lady Ana had been conscious that the dreadful secret at her heart grew ever heavier. In those ten years—her husband, her one constant companion, she working for and with him—her life had been struggling upwards towards a higher standard of truth and love.

Now, since the old nurse died, she had borne her burden all alone—all things combined to make its weight intolerable. No living creature shared her knowledge of the truth of her boy's parentage: this isolation of hers had in it something which she felt to be frightful. The condemnation to perpetual silence roused in her a wild, a mad desire to proclaim her sin, ay, upon the house-tops. She would have done it had not love, her love for him, her husband, restrained her.

Not many days before her nurse had died, she had learned to be certain that the man who had so deeply wronged her was dead—had died a violent and a miserable death. Since that he was not for her so much the man who had foully wronged her as the man who had once loved her, though in a wild and savage fashion, towards whom she had not been blameless, and whom she had in her heart cursed and hated. "Curses come home to roost;" she was taught the truth of the homely saying. The weight of her own hate, the blight of her own curse, came back upon her, blighting her own love, burdening her own burden.

When she looked upon her son now—her son whom she had planted as a thorn to fester in the flesh of those she loved, who seemed to live among the gentle flock of his reputed brothers and sisters, like a wolf, in whom the wolf-nature has been restrained but not subdued, among lambs—her son who, in his unmanly boyhood seemed to scorn the gentleness of her he called "mother," to writhe under and revolt against the calm justice of

him he called father, while, as if by some fated fascination, he appeared drawn towards her he had been taught to name as aunt—it was with remorse rather than loathing, and with an awakening consciousness that by love paid to the son, by loss and pain suffered for him, she might expiate her crime of hate towards the father. Expiate her crime of hate—was that a crime? *Is there anything in the teaching of Him we profess to follow that offers the slightest justification of hate in man or woman under extremest wrong?* Expiate her crime! But then, she would think, what did her crime matter—what mattered her fate, soul or body? If she only could have suffered and not pulled pain and punishment down on the head of the true, the pure, the good, the innocent—then—Why, then, she would not, could not, have suffered in any adequate way. Love is the one lesson we have to learn in life. When we have learned anything beyond the mere rudiments, we know that we can only suffer in any deep and abiding manner for, through, and by those whom we love.

Nothing from without now threatened Lady Ana's tranquillity. No sword of Damocles, that one day must fall from force of fate, and, falling, would sever her from all that made life dear, now hung over her head: since it had been thus, the inward straining towards truth that at times seemed all but strong enough to expel all falsehood from her life, even against her will, seemed to be tearing that life up by the roots. Why was it now thus with her? she often questioned. For long years her love had strengthened her to hold her secret, and to live a lie. Did she love less now? Was this why she felt that not even for his sake could she bear on longer? Or was it that love being truth, and her love having grown and strengthened in those years, left now no room in her life for anything that was false?

However this might be, the fact was, that since all cried peace and oblivion, she knew no moment's peace or forgetfulness; she learned to dread sleep and her own fevered dreams. The inward impulse, to be wholly true to him she loved, contradicted by the love that feared the truth for what it loved, seemed to be tearing her heart shred by shred.

All good she gained, all knowledge, all experience, weighted the lie she bore. All

things worked together to show her the evil of the thing she had done, and how it turned to the harm of those she loved.

When she had hated her innocent child, she had grudged it the good she did it, giving it such a father and mother; now she understood how, even to him, what she had done had been not good, but evil.

Young Lionel being home from school—sent home disgraced—had come with the others on a visit to the Hall. To the very depths Lady Ana had felt her soul stirred with pity as she saw how the proud boy held himself aloof, felt himself unloved and alone. She had felt, too, that to which no one else had been blind—her own power over him. Then those words her husband had spoken, that if she could love, she might save her boy!

But her husband—he held her as a flawless gem, an unspotted pearl of truth, on whose pure candor the tiniest speck of the falseness of the world would show out black and ugly. How could she so open his eyes as not to blind him to the beauty and joy of life forever after?

It was not now *what* she had hidden, so much as the fact that she had hidden it through those long years of his love, that seemed to her the more dreadful part of that which he should have to learn and she to tell.

In the minutes that elapsed between the time of her husband's leaving her and the time when she softly quitted her room, went down the stairs, and paused at the door of the library, into which she had locked the boy, Lady Ana suffered, God only can tell how much. Pausing to try and realize such suffering, with what gratitude the sick heart turns to the remembrance of the finiteness of human power, the limit and boundedness that so safely hem us in, limiting and bounding the power of one poor heart to suffer?

The dusk seemed already to have gathered in the corners of the dark old room when Lady Ana entered the library. She paused, looked round, and thought the room was empty: one of the windows stood open. Young Lionel was light and agile; a spring from that window, a branch of the great beech clutched, a swing to the ground was easy enough. Lady Ana, in her wild girlhood, had often thus escaped when shut in there by nurse for some childish naughtiness. Who shall say what passion leapt up and fought

in that poor woman's half-distracted mind, as the idea flashed across it that if the boy had escaped, were gone as he had threatened, speech would not avail for him, and silence might still for all be best? She was not long left in doubt. She heard a stifled sob: there, on the ground, his face hidden in his hands, lay the young creature whom all thought too hardened in sullen evil-mindedness to shed a tear.

Lady Ana went to where he lay. Kneeling down beside him, she laid a trembling hand upon his shoulder, and softly, fearfully breathed out, "My son!" and at the breathing of those words something consciously awoke within her—and—she—loved him.

Softly as those words were spoken, they sounded in her ear as the crash of doom.

Young Lionel raised himself to lean upon his elbows; he looked her in the face with startled wonder, and said—

"Why do you call me that? I wish I were your son! If *you* were my mother, everything would be different."

She sank upon the floor beside him, trembling so that she could not even kneel.

"Why do you come to me and speak to me like that?" he continued. "Why do you come to me and look at me like that? You hate me worse than they do."

"I do not hate you," she said. "If you will let me, I will love you!"

"If I will let you! You know, you know," he cried, "that I want you to love me; but you won't, you can't! Sometimes I see you look as if you were trying, and then—then the look comes that shows me how you hate me—worse than the others do, a hundred times! Aunt Ana, I have *felt* you look at me as if I were *loathsome* to you. I have felt that, and I can't forget it!"

"My poor boy, learn to forget it now, and let me love you."

"You are sorry for me?" he asked, after an eager reading of her face. "You look sorry about something. Is it about me?"

"We all are sorry for you; nobody hates you: it is your morbid fancy."

"Are *you* sorry for me, I ask? 'They all are'—oh, of course. I know what that means: they are all sorry for me, just as they are sorry if a worm is trodden upon or a snail crushed. 'They do not hate me'—Oh, I know what that means too, quite well: they are so good, so Christian, they cannot

hate! But—are you sorry for me? you are not sorry about every trifle: are you sorry for me? You can hate; are you sure you don't hate me?"

"I am more sorry for you than I can tell, or you can think, my poor boy. I do not hate you; I love you."

"Now, Aunt Ana," cried the boy, "what is the meaning of this? Why are you so different to me to-day? Why have you never come to me and been kind to me before? If you had, I should have been different."

"But you have had love, Lionel."

"I have not! You know I have not. Why do you lie?" he asked, passionately. "If they had loved me and used me ill, or if they had hated me out and out, honestly, I wouldn't have minded; but always to be well treated, to have nothing to complain of, to be mocked with the show of kindness by all those meek hypocrites—I hate them!"

"O Lionel, I implore you, do not feel like that!"

"But I do feel like that, and you have felt like that. When you hated me, and your fierce eyes said so, I liked you better than any of the others who seemed to love me."

"Then, if I love you," she said, "when I love you—*now* I love you—you will not care for me any more."

"I will!" he cried. "Try me—love me, Aunt Ana! I will obey you like a slave, I will follow you like a dog—love me, Aunt Ana. Let me live with you always."

"Now, God help me," she murmured, and laid her head down on the boy's shoulder. Her sentence had gone forth: all was irrevocable now. Had she not felt this before? Who knows? Even on the way to execution a ray of hope will sometimes play about the path of the condemned, and make it seem less unlikely that some sign in the heavens or convulsion of the earth shall alter the face of the world, than that beneath an unregarding heaven all shall go on towards the appointed doom.

"Are you ill?" the boy asked, when she did not speak or stir. "I heard them say you looked as if you had not long to live, and I did not mean to live after you."

Her head slipped from his shoulder as he moved to try and see her face: she moaned a little, then lay quite still upon the ground.

He spoke to her; she did not answer: he took her hand up, and it fell powerless when

he left hold of it. He bent over her deadly white and sunken-looking face.

"Dead!" he cried, and for a moment his own young life seemed to stand still.

Then he sprang to his feet. Taught tenderness by fear or other emotion, he brought a pillow and put beneath her head; he got water and sprinkled over her face; he chafed and kissed her hands. Most jealously he abstained from calling any one.

When he found that she gave no sign of consciousness or life, he stretched himself beside her, laying his face upon her hand.

Lady Ana's husband had been seeking her, anxiously; presently he came into the room.

"Are you here, love?"

At his entrance, young Lionel looked up, but did not rise. "She's here," he said, with sullen sorrow.

"Good heavens! What does this mean? Boy, why did not you call for help? Your aunt has fainted. How long since?"

"Not long. I didn't call help, because I did not choose that any one should come. I did what I could—"

At the sound of voices, just as her husband was kneeling at her side, Lady Ana roused herself. She put an arm round the boy's neck, raising herself to lean against him.

"Poor boy! I have been ill. I frightened you. Poor boy—how white you look!" she said. Then to her husband—"He has been very good to me, husband." Turning again to young Lionel, she kissed him, and murmured, "Go away now, my boy, and leave me alone with my husband. I have something to tell him. Go to your own room till I come to you, and remember that I love you."

"But you will be ill again—you will die—you will leave me, and not speak to me again."

"It won't be so," she answered. "Go now."

He rose. As he stood proudly erect, gazing down upon her, a wonderful softness was over all his fine, fierce face. Her husband looked at him with wonder. At the door he turned, again gazed at her a long, strange gaze, which she met with eyes of love—yet not a mother's love for a child, so much as a martyr's love for the cause for which she dies.

The door closed; she moaned and dropped her head down into her hands.

Her husband, with soothing words and tenderest caresses, strove to raise her from the ground.

"Stand up," she said, writhing herself free from his arms. "My lord, my judge, my king, whom I dare no more call husband, stand up, and do not touch me. Stand up, and leave me here. Stand up, and judge me."

Then in broken sentences, passionately self-reproachful, abjectly humble,—for all the pent-up penitence of years burst forth, and she felt her shame, her guilt, her falsehood, overwhelmingly,—she made her confession. When she had ended—when, struggling up on to her feeble knees, she had raised her strained, starting eyes and her clenched, clasped hands to him a moment—she fell forward on her face, feeling for his feet with her failing arms.

Her husband! When he first began to gather the sense of her wild words, he stiffened himself into incredulity.

That defence gave way as a thousand trifling confirmations that in another man would have been enough to have raised suspicion, rushed across his consciousness. Then he staggered, reeled as under a heavy blow—felt all things become as nothing—all life grow black and void.

He was stunned. Without losing physical power (though he had staggered back a little from the spot where he had stood when her first words rooted him to the ground, he was still erect), he appeared to lose mental consciousness.

After a while, over this black death-darkness came flashes as from the flames of hell.

Must he now loathe what he had so loved? Must he hold as polluted both the mind and the body which he had thought so pure?

* * * * *

Then came a vast pity that sickened his soul almost unto death, as he thought what this erring woman had suffered, did suffer, must suffer.

It was the bitterness of death to see her lying there—to know that she merited to be there.

Not yet could he raise her! not yet could he touch her! Alas! she was fallen from such high estate!

He loathed the sin of her long deceit with the sternest loathing; and yet, through all, he never doubted but that he loved her still—ever should love her still. By degrees he

more and more separated the sinner from the sin, and over the consciousness of her sin the consciousness of her suffering spread like a charitable mantle.

He lived a lifetime, past, present, and future, while she lay there motionless, awaiting her sentence. How long she was left to lie there she never knew; it could not have been long, for the room had seemed dusky when she had first entered it, and when all was over it was not yet quite dark.

She had not fainted again; with all the power left her she strove to keep her senses alight to read her sentence.

"Ana!" At that low sound she stirred a little, lifted her face, and looked up towards him, drawing herself a little farther from him as she did so.

She tasted her punishment, reading the changed lines of his beloved face, hearing the altered, broken tone of his voice, as he said,—

"How must my love have failed and fallen short, not teaching you to trust me!"

As he spoke he tried to raise her: but she, resisting him, answered,—

"It is not so; you are wholly blameless—you are wholly spotless, and all the fault is mine."

"Not all. Your old nurse—she deceived you as well as me, you say, swearing to you as to me that she had told all. God forgive her! For the years after you kept silence for my sake, and now it is for the sake of others that at last you speak. All are dead who could have told me—all, you say—every one?"

"All—every one. Very few need know. You will tell Emma and Sir Lionel, and they—Heaven bless them!—will try to comfort you. I will take my boy and will go with him where you shall think best. Always you will be my lord and master, though no more my husband; and you—you will try and forget me. And oh, God comfort you! God comfort you!" She broke into a passion of heart-wasting weeping, creeping a little nearer to fold her hands round his feet. But when he spoke she stilled herself to listen.

"Forget you, Ana!" he said. "I have loved you long enough for love to have worked into the very fibres of my life. I have loved you, not knowing—now I know. That is the change in me; and now, how are you changed from the being I have loved? God has worked in you mercifully through

love, strengthening you through love, giving you sight through love. Is it now, when you are more love-worthy, when love has strengthened you to throw off a lie and live for duty in the truth—is it now that I shall dare to cast you off—you whom He is so manifestly saving by love, shall I cast off, and call unworthy of my love? Wife, I do not say that the cup has not been bitter, bitter beyond all word or thought; but I feel that in these minutes, or these hours, I have drunk it to the dregs. It will not work a poison-death to love. I do not say that life can ever again be for me what it has been, can ever be for us what I had hoped;—the light of life is blurred, and the bitter taste of the cup dwells in the mouth. I look on and see much trial; our lives will be salted as with fire; but what matter if we come forth purified?" He paused a little and bent over her—"Love, my love, come to my arms. Every moment that you lie there you reproach my love and grieve my heart, and make me feel myself a Pharisee; you called me lord and judge, but He has judged you, and, working in you through love, has so far pardoned you that He sets your feet in a straight path—and thorny it may be, but unperplexed."

She let him raise her now; but as her head fell back against his breast a great fear shuddered through him, lest the strained thread of life had cracked.

It was not so, Lady Ana lived—a life which henceforth was love. If hatred and fierce evil passion may be expiated by love—a love, too, which knew more of the anxious grief and fiery trial of love than of its joy and

peace—then Lady Ana in the years that followed must, by love paid to her son, have expiated that sin of hate against his father.

Young Lionel loved his mother; but at first with love so fierce and jealous that it threatened speedily to wear her heart out. It was by very slow degrees that his love grew tame enough to be a softening influence of his own life, and not to be a barrier standing between him and his mother's husband.

Lionel Winterhouse (he kept his uncle's name) did not grow into a noble, a great, or a pre-eminently good man. It seemed as if he might have been great in wickedness, but as if, striving towards good, his fierce temperament and wild passions made his life so much one battle to resist evil, one continual effort and struggle, that in this was expended to exhaustion all his energy. His was, looked on from without, a sad life—so much endeavor, so little achievement (as the world judged)—so much labor and pain, so little result. But who shall say it was in truth and in the eyes of the angels, one-half as sad as many a life of far more evident success? If ever, though even by little, he continued to be victor in the warfare against evil, if within him the flame of a spiritual life, though often burning low, was yet never extinguished, who shall say that the years by which Lady Ana's life was shortened through the wear of the incessant watch she felt forced to keep were too dear a price to pay for the saving of a soul! Her husband, giving her from as true arms and heart as ever held and loved a woman, did not grudge the sacrifice.

ANGLO-AFRICANS.—When one sits down to table with Anglo-Africans, one observes now and then their faces twitch spasmodically as if they had received an electric shock. These facial contortions are the relics of intermittent fever. At the same time you become aware that a grosser disease is present among your companions. One of them will attempt to catch a spectral fly, which day and night is flitting before him; another directs your attention to a swarm of bees in a corner of the ceiling; and a third whistles to a black dog which no one can see except himself. That which would be very amusing, were it not so sad, is the assurance with which some cadaverous ensign informs fresh-comers that it is impossible to live in that climate without brandy and water. His bloodshot eyes, his trembling hand, his deadened appetite, belie his words; but still he drinks

on. He must follow the general example. Here all prostrate themselves before the shrine of Bacchus: not the young laughing god with garlands on his rosy brow, and smiling nymphs upon his knee, but a naked, solitary, wasted wretch, without beauty, and without disguise; with filmy eyes and hollow cheeks and fetid breath; a ghost of health, intellect, refinement, departed never to return. Brandy and water is certainly the most prevalent and fatal cause of disease on the west coast of Africa. "Died of brandy and water" is a common phrase. It is the inevitable consequence of a life deprived of the influence of ladies, of books, and of athletic sports. Drunkenness is the ulcer of inanition. That which astonished me very much at first was the absence of all mental culture in these colonies.—*Savage Africa. By W. Winwood Reade.*

From The National Review.

JOUBERT; OR, A FRENCH COLERIDGE.

WHY should we ever treat of any dead authors but the famous ones? Mainly for this reason: because, from these famous personages, home or foreign, whom we all know so well, and of whom so much has been said, the amount of stimulus which they contain for us has been in a great measure disengaged; people have formed their opinion about them, and do not readily change it. One may write of them afresh, combat received opinions about them—even interest one's readers in so doing; but the interest one's readers receive has to do, in general, rather with the treatment than with the subject; they are susceptible of a lively impression rather of the course of the discussion itself—its turns, vivacity, and novelty—than of the genius of the author who is the occasion of it. And yet, what is really precious and inspiring, in all that we get from literature, except this sense of an immediate contact with genius itself, and the stimulus towards what is true and excellent which we derive from it? Now in literature, besides the eminent men of genius who have had their deserts in the way of fame, besides the eminent men of ability who have often had far more than their deserts in the way of fame, there are a certain number of personages who have been real men of genius,—by which we mean, that they have had a genuine organ for what is true and excellent, and are therefore capable of emitting a life-giving stimulus,—but who for some reason or other, in most cases for very valid reasons, have remained obscure, nay, beyond a narrow circle in their own country, unknown. It is salutary from time to time to come across a genius of this kind, and to extract his honey. Often he has more of it for us, as we have already said, than greater men; for, though it is by no means true that from what is new to us there is most to be learned, it is yet indisputably true that from what is new to us we in general learn most.

Of a genius of this kind, Joseph Joubert, we are now going to speak. His name is, we believe, almost unknown in England, and even in France, his native country, it is not famous. M. Sainte-Beuve has given of him one of his incomparable portraits; but—besides that even M. Sainte-Beuve's writings are far less known amongst us than they de-

serve to be—every country has its own point of view from which a remarkable author may most profitably be seen and studied.

Joseph Joubert was born (and his date should be remarked) in 1754, at Montignac, a little town in Périgord. His father was a doctor with small means and a large family, and Joseph, the eldest, had his own way to make in the world. He was for eight years, as pupil first, and afterwards as an assistant-master, in the public school of Toulouse, then managed by the Jesuits, who seem to have left in him a most favorable opinion, not only of their tact and address, but of their really good qualities as teachers and directors. Compelled by the weakness of his health to give up, at twenty-two, the profession of teaching, he passed two important years of his life in hard study, at home at Montignac, and came in 1778 to try his fortune in the literary world of Paris, then perhaps the most tempting field which has ever yet presented itself to a young man of letters. He knew Diderot, D'Alembert, Marmontel, Laharpe; he became intimate with one of the celebrities of the next literary generation, then, like himself, a young man—Chateaubriand's friend, the future Grand Master of the University, Fontanes. But, even then, it began to be remarked of him, that M. Joubert *s'inquiétait de perfection bien plus que de gloire*—"cared far more about perfecting himself than about making himself a reputation." His severity of morals may perhaps have been rendered easier to him by the delicacy of his health; but the delicacy of his health will not by itself account for his changeless preference of being to seeming, knowing to showing, studying to publishing; for what terrible public performers have some invalids been! This preference he retained all through his life, and it is by this that he is characterized. "He has chosen," Chateaubriand (adopting Epicurus's famous words) said of him, "*to hide his life*." Of a life which its owner was bent on hiding there can be but little to tell. Yet the only two public incidents of Joubert's life, slight as they are, do all concerned in them so much credit that they deserve mention. In 1790 the Constituent Assembly made the office of justice of the peace elective throughout France. The people of Montignac retained such an impression of the character of their young townsman—one of Plutarch's men of virtue, as he had lived amongst them,

simple, studious, severe—that, though he had left them for years, they elected him in his absence without his knowing anything about it. The appointment little suited Joubert's wishes or tastes; but at such a moment he thought it wrong to decline it. He held it for two years, the legal term, discharging its duties with a firmness and integrity which were long remembered; and then, when he went out of office, his fellow-townsmen re-elected him. But Joubert thought that he had now accomplished his duty towards them, and he went back to the retirement which he loved. That seems to us a little episode of the great French Revolution worth remembering. The sage who was asked by the king, why sages were seen at the doors of kings, but not kings at the doors of sages, replied, that it was because sages knew what was good for them, and kings did not. But at Montignac the king—for in 1790 the people in France was king with a vengeance—knew what was good for him, and came to the door of the sage.

The other incident was this. When Napoleon, in 1809, re-organized the public instruction of France, founded the university, and made M. de Fontanes its grand master, Fontanes had to submit to the emperor a list of persons to form the council or governing body of the new university. Third on his list, after two distinguished names, Fontanes placed the unknown name of Joubert. "This name," he said, in his accompanying memorandum to the emperor, "is not known as the two first are; and yet this is the nomination to which I attach most importance. I have known M. Joubert all my life. His character and intelligence are of the very highest order. I shall rejoice if your majesty will accept my guarantee for him." Napoleon trusted his Grand Master, and Joubert became a councillor of the university. It is something that a man, elevated to the highest posts of State, should not forget his obscure friends; or that, if he remembers and places them, he should regard in placing them their merit rather than their obscurity. It is more, in the eyes of those whom the necessities, real or supposed, of a political system had long familiarized with such cynical disregard of fitness in the distribution of office, to see a minister and his master alike zealous, in giving away places, to give them to the best men to be found.

Between 1792 and 1809 Joubert had married. His life was passed between Villeneuve-sur-Yonne, where his wife's family lived,—a pretty little Burgundian town, by which the Lyons railroad now passes,—and Paris. Here, in a house in the Rue St.-Honoré, in a room very high up, and admitting plenty of the light which he so loved,—a room from which he saw, in his words, "a great deal of sky and very little earth,"—among the treasures of a library collected with infinite pains, taste, and skill, from which every book he thought ill of was rigidly excluded,—he never would possess either a complete Voltaire or a complete Rousseau,—the happiest hours of his life were passed. In the circle of one of those women who leave a sort of perfume in literary history, and who have the gift of inspiring successive generations of readers with an indescribable regret not to have known them,—Pauline de Montmorin, Madame de Beaumont,—he had become intimate with nearly all which at that time in the Paris world of letters or of society was most attractive and promising. Amongst his acquaintances one only misses the names of Madame de Staël and Benjamin Constant: neither of them was to his taste, and with Madame de Staël he always refused to become acquainted: he thought she had more vehemence than truth, and more heat than light. Years went on, and his friends became conspicuous authors or statesmen; but Joubert remained in the shade. His constitution was of such fragility that how he lived so long, or accomplished so much as he did, is a wonder; his soul had, for its basis of operations, hardly any body at all; both from his stomach and from his chest he seems to have had constant sufferings, though he lived by rule, and was as abstemious as a Hindoo. Often, after overwork in thinking, reading, or talking, he remained for days together in a state of utter prostration—condemned to absolute silence and inaction; too happy if the agitation of his mind would become quiet also, and let him have the repose of which he stood in such need. With this weakness of health, these repeated suspensions of energy, he was incapable of the prolonged contention of spirit necessary for the creation of great works; but he read and thought immensely; he was an unwearied note-taker, a charming letter-writer, above all, an excellent and delightful talker. The gayety and amenity of his natural disposition were inexhaustible.

ble; and his spirit, too, was of astonishing elasticity; he seemed to hold on to life by a single thread only, but that single thread was very tenacious. More and more, as his soul and knowledge ripened more and more, his friends pressed to his room in the Rue St.-Honoré; often he received them in bed, for he seldom rose before three o'clock in the afternoon; and at his bedroom-door, on his bad days, Madame Joubert stood sentry, trying, not always with success, to keep back the thirsty comers from the fountain which was forbidden to flow. Fontanes did nothing in the university without consulting him, and Joubert's ideas and pen were always at his friend's service. When he was in the country, at Villeneuve, the young priests of his neighborhood used to resort to him, in order to profit by his library and by his conversation. He, like our Coleridge, was particularly qualified to attract men of this kind, and to benefit them: retaining perfect independence of mind, he was religious; he was a religious philosopher. As age came on, his infirmities became more and more overwhelming; some of his friends, too, died; others became so immersed in politics that Joubert, who hated politics, saw them seldom more than of old; but the moroseness of age and infirmity never touched him, and he never quarrelled with a friend, or lost one. From these miseries he was preserved by that quality in him of which we have already spoken:—a quality which is best expressed by a word, not of common use in English—alas, we have too little in our national character of the quality which this word expresses—his in-born, his constant amenity. He lived till the year 1824. On the 4th of May in that year he died, at the age of seventy. A day or two after his death, M. de Chateaubriand inserted in the *Journal des Débats* a short notice of him, perfect for its feeling, grace, and propriety. *On ne vit dans la mémoire du monde*, he says, and says truly, *que par des travaux pour le monde*—"a man can live in the world's memory only by what he has done for the world." But Chateaubriand used the privilege which his great name gave him to assert, delicately but firmly, Joubert's real and rare merits, and to tell the world what manner of man had just left it.

Joubert's papers were accumulated in boxes and drawers. He had not meant them for publication: it was very difficult to sort

them and to prepare them for it. Madame Joubert, his widow, had a scruple about giving them a publicity which her husband, she felt, would never have permitted. But, as her own end approached, the natural desire to leave of so remarkable a spirit some enduring memorial—some memorial to outlast the admiring recollection of the living who were so fast passing away, made her yield to the entreaties of his friends, and allow the printing, but for private circulation only, of a volume of his fragments. Chateaubriand edited it; it appeared in 1838, fourteen years after Joubert's death. The volume attracted the attention of those who were best fitted to appreciate it, and profoundly impressed them. M. Sainte-Beuve gave it, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, the admirable notice of which we have already spoken; and so much curiosity was excited about Joubert that the collection of his fragments, enlarged by many additions, was at last published for the benefit of the world in general. It has since been twice reprinted. The first or preliminary chapter has some fancifulness and affectation in it; the reader should begin with the second.

We have likened Joubert to Coleridge; and indeed the points of resemblance between the two men are numerous. Both of them great and celebrated talkers, Joubert attracting pilgrims to his upper chamber in the Rue St.-Honoré, as Coleridge attracted pilgrims to Mr. Gilman's at Highgate; both of them desultory and incomplete writers,—here they had an outward likeness with one another. Both of them passionately devoted to reading in a class of books, and to thinking on a class of subjects, out of the beaten line of the reading and thought of their day; both of them ardent students and critics of old literature, poetry, and the metaphysics of religion; both of them curious explorers of words, and of the latent significance hidden under the popular use of them; both of them in a certain sense conservative in religion and politics, by antipathy to the narrow and shallow foolishness of vulgar modern liberalism;—here they had their inward and real likeness. But that in which the essence of their likeness consisted is this,—that they both had from nature an ardent impulse for seeking the genuine truth on all matters they thought about, and an organ for finding it and recognizing it when it was found. To have the im-

pulse for seeking it is much rarer than most people think ; to have the organ for finding it is, we need not say, very rare indeed. By this they have a spiritual relationship of the closest kind with one another, and they become, each of them, a source of stimulus and progress for all of us.

Coleridge had less delicacy and penetration than Joubert, but more richness and power ; his production, though far inferior to what his nature at first seemed to promise, was abundant and varied. Yet in all his production how much is there to dissatisfy us ! How many reserves must be made in praising either his poetry, or his criticism, or his philosophy ! How little either of his poetry, or of his criticism, or of his philosophy, can we expect permanently to stand ! But that which will stand of Coleridge is this : the stimulus of his continual effort,—not a moral effort, for he had no morals,—but of his continual instinctive effort, crowned often with rich success, to get at and to lay bare the real truth of his matter in hand, whether that matter were literary, or philosophical, or political, or religious ; and this in a country where at that moment such an effort was almost unknown ; where the most powerful minds threw themselves upon poetry, which conveys truth indeed, but conveys it indirectly ; and where ordinary minds were so habituated to do without thinking altogether, to regard considerations of established routine and practical convenience as paramount, that any attempt to introduce within the domain of these the disturbing element of thought, they were prompt to resent as an outrage. Coleridge's great action lay in his supplying in England, for many years and under critical circumstances, by the spectacle of this effort of his, a stimulus to all minds, in the generation which grew up round him, capable of profiting by it ; his action will still be felt as long as the need for it continues ; when, with the cessation of the need, the action, too, has ceased, Coleridge's memory, in spite of the disesteem, nay repugnance, which his character may and must inspire, will yet forever remain invested with that interest and gratitude which invests the memory of founders.

M. de Rémusat, indeed, reproaches Coleridge with his *judgments saugrenus* ; the criticism of a gifted truth-finder ought not to be *saugrenu* ; so on this reproach we must

pause for a moment. *Saugrenu* is a rather vulgar French word, but, like many other vulgar words, very expressive ; used as an epithet for a judgment, it means something like *impudently absurd*. The literary judgments of one nation about another are very apt to be *saugrenus* ; it is certainly true, as M. Sainte-Beuve remarks in answer to Goethe's complaint against the French that they have undervalued Du Bartas, that as to the estimate of its own authors every nation is the best judge ; the *positive* estimate of them, be it understood, not, of course, the estimate of them in comparison with the authors of other nations. Therefore a foreigner's judgments about the intrinsic merit of a nation's authors will generally, when at complete variance with that nation's own, be wrong ; but there is a permissible wrongness in these matters, and to that permissible wrongness there is a limit. When that limit is exceeded, the wrong judgment becomes more than wrong ; it becomes *saugrenu*, or impudently absurd. For instance, the high estimate which the French have of Racine is probably in great measure deserved ; or to take a yet stronger case, even the high estimate which Joubert had of the Abbé Delille is probably in great measure deserved ; but the common disparaging judgment passed on Racine by English readers is not *saugrenu* ; still less is that passed by them on the Abbé Delille *saugrenu*, because the beauty of Racine and of Delille, too, so far as Delille's beauty goes, is eminently in their language, and this is a beauty which a foreigner cannot perfectly seize ; this beauty of diction, *apicibus verborum ligata*, as M. Sainte-Beuve, quoting Quintilian, says of Chateaubriand's. As to Chateaubriand himself, again the common English judgment, which stamps him as a mere shallow rhetorician, all froth and vanity, is certainly wrong ; one may even wonder that the English should judge Chateaubriand so wrongly, for his power goes far beyond beauty of diction ; it is a power, as well, of passion and sentiment, and this sort of power the English can perfectly well appreciate. One production of Chateaubriand's, *René*, is akin to the most popular productions of Byron—to the *Childe Harold* or *Manfred*—in spirit, equal to them in power, superior to them in form. But this work, we hardly know why, is almost unread in England. And only let us consider this

criticism of Chateaubriand's on the true pathetic: "It is a dangerous mistake, sanctioned, like so many other dangerous mistakes, by Voltaire, to suppose that the best works of imagination are those which draw most tears. One could name this or that melodrama, which no one would like to own having written, and which yet harrows the feelings far more than the *Æneid*. The true tears are those which are called forth by the beauty of poetry; there must be as much admiration in them as sorrow. They are the tears which come to our eyes when Priam says to Achilles, ἦ ληνδ, οἷ οὐπω . . . — 'And I have endured,—the like whereof no soul upon the earth hath yet endured,—to carry to my lips the hand of him who slew my child: ' or when Joseph cries out, 'I am Joseph your brother, whom ye sold into Egypt.'" Who does not feel that the man who wrote that was no shallow rhetorician, but a born man of genius, with the true instinct of genius for what is really admirable? Nay, take these words of Chateaubriand, an old man of eighty, dying amidst the noise and bustle of the ignoble revolution of February, 1848, "Mon Dieu, mon Dieu, quand done, quand done serai-je délivré de tout ce monde, ce bruit; quand done, quand done cela finira-t-il?" Who, with any ear, does not feel that those are not the accents of a trumpery rhetorician, but of a rich and puissant nature,—the cry of the dying lion? We repeat it, Chateaubriand is most ignorantly underrated in England: and the English are capable of rating him far more correctly if they knew him better. Still Chateaubriand has such real and great faults, he falls so decidedly beneath the rank of the truly greatest authors, that the depreciatory judgment passed on him in England, though ignorant and wrong, can hardly be said to transgress the limits of permissible ignorance; it is not a *judgement saugrenu*. But when a critic denies genius to a literature which has produced Bossuet and Molière, he passes the bounds: and Coleridge's judgments on French literature and the French genius are undoubtedly, as M. de Rémusat calls them, *saugrenus*.

And yet, such is the impetuosity of our poor human nature, such its proneness to rush to a decision with imperfect knowledge, that his having delivered a *saugrenu* judgment or two in his life by no means proves a man not to have had, in comparison with his

fellow-men in general, a remarkable organ for truth, or disqualifies him for being, by virtue of that organ, a source of vital stimulus for us. Joubert had far less smoke and turbid vehemence in him than Coleridge; he had also a far keener sense of what was absurd. But Joubert can write to M. Molé (the M. Molé who was afterwards Louis Philippe's well-known minister): "As to your Milton, whom the merit of the Abbé Delille" (the Abbé Delille translated *Paradise Lost*) "makes me admire, and with whom I have nevertheless still plenty of fault to find, why, I should like to know, are you scandalized that I have not enabled myself to read him? I don't understand the language in which he writes, and I don't much care to. If he is a poet one cannot put up with, even in the prose of the younger Racine, am I to blame for that? If by force you mean beauty manifesting itself with power, I maintain that the Abbé Delille has more force than Milton." That, to be sure, is a petulant outburst in a private letter; it is not, like Coleridge's, a deliberate proposition in a printed philosophical essay. But is it possible to imagine a more perfect specimen of a *saugrenu* judgment? It is even worse than Coleridge's, because it is *saugrenu* with reasons. That, however, does not prevent Joubert from having been really a man of extraordinary ardor in the search of truth, and of extraordinary fineness in the perception of it; and so was Coleridge.

Joubert had round him in France an atmosphere of literary, philosophical, and religious opinion as alien to him as that in England was to Coleridge. This is what makes Joubert, too, so remarkable, and it is on this account that we begged the reader to remark his date. He was born in 1754; he died in 1824. He was thus in the fulness of his powers at the beginning of the present century, at the epoch of Napoleon's consulate. The French criticism of that day—the criticism of Laharpe's successors—of Geoffroy and his colleagues in the *Journal des Débats*, had a dryness very unlike the telling vivacity of the early Edinburgh reviewers, their contemporaries, but a fundamental narrowness, a want of genuine insight, much on a par with theirs. Joubert, like Coleridge, has no respect for the dominant oracle; he treats his Geoffroy with much the same want of deference as Coleridge treats his Jeffrey. "Geoffroy," he says, of an article in the

Journal des Débats criticising Chateaubriand's *Génie du Christianisme*.—"Geoffroy in this article begins by holding out his paw prettily enough; but he ends by a volley of kicks, which lets the whole world see but too clearly the four iron shoes of the four-footed animal. There is, however, in France a sympathy with intellectual activity for its own sake, and for the sake of its inherent pleasurable-ness and beauty, keener than any which exists in England; and Joubert had more effect in Paris—though his conversation was his only weapon, and Coleridge wielded besides his conversation his pen—than Coleridge had or could have in London. We mean, a more immediate, appreciable effect—an effect not only upon the young and enthusiastic, to whom the future belongs, but upon formed and important personages, to whom the present belongs, and who are actually moving society. He owed this partly to his real advantages over Coleridge. If he had, as we have already said, less power and richness than his English parallel, he had more tact and penetration. He was more *possible* than Coleridge; his doctrine was more intelligible than Coleridge's, more receivable. And yet, with Joubert, the striving after a consummate and attractive clearness of expression came from no mere frivolous dislike of labor and inability for going deep, but was a part of his native love of truth and perfection. The delight of his life he found in truth, and in the satisfaction which the enjoying of truth gives to the spirit; and he thought the truth was never really and worthily said, so long as the least cloud, clumsiness, and repulsiveness hung about the expression of it.

Some of his best passages are those in which he upholds this doctrine. Even metaphysics he would not allow to remain difficult and abstract; so long as they spoke a professional jargon, the language of the schools, he maintained—and who shall gainsay him?—that metaphysics were imperfect; or, at any rate, had not yet reached their ideal perfection.

"The true science of metaphysics," he says, "consists not in rendering abstract that which is sensible, but in rendering sensible that which is abstract; apparent that which is hidden; imaginable, if so it may be, that which is only intelligible; and intelligible, finally, that which an ordinary attention fails to seize."

And therefore

"distrust, in books on metaphysics, words which have not been able to get currency in the world, and are only calculated to form a special language."

Nor would he suffer common words to be employed in a special sense by the schools:—

"Which is best, if one wants to be useful and to be really understood, to get one's words in the world, or to get them in the schools? I maintain that the good plan is to employ words in their popular sense rather than in their philosophical sense; and the better plan still, to employ them in their natural sense rather than in their popular sense. By their natural sense, I mean the popular and universal acceptation of them brought to that which in this is essential and invariable. To prove a thing by definition proves nothing, if the definition is purely philosophical; for such definitions only bind him who makes them. To prove a thing by definition, when the definition expresses the necessary, inevitable, and clear idea which the world at large attaches to the object, is, on the contrary, all in all; because then what one does is simply to show people what they do really think, in spite of themselves and without knowing it. The rule that one is free to give to words what sense one will, and that the only thing needful is to be agreed upon the sense one gives them, is very well for the mere purposes of argumentation, and may be allowed in the schools where this sort of fencing is to be practised; but in the sphere of the true-born and noble science of metaphysics, and in the genuine world of literature, it is good for nothing. One must never quit sight of realities, and one must employ one's expressions simply as media—as glasses, through which one's thoughts can be best made evident. I know, by my own experience, how hard this rule is to follow; but I judge of its importance by the failure of every system of metaphysics. Not one of them has succeeded; for the simple reason that in every one ciphers have been constantly used instead of values, artificial ideas instead of native ideas, jargon instead of idiom."

We know not whether the metaphysician will ever adopt Joubert's rules; but we are sure that the man of letters, whenever he has to speak of metaphysics, will do well to adopt them. He, at any rate, must remember—

"It is by means of familiar words that style takes hold of the reader and gets possession of him. It is by means of these that great thoughts get currency and pass for true metal, like gold and silver which have had a recognized stamp put upon them. They begot confidence in the man who, in order to

make his thoughts more clearly perceived, uses them; for people feel that such an employment of the language of common human life betokens a man who knows that life and its concerns, and who keeps himself in contact with them. Besides, these words make a style frank and easy. They show that an author has long made the thought or the feeling expressed his mental food: that he has so assimilated them and familiarized them, that the most common expressions suffice him in order to express ideas which have become every-day ideas to him by the length of time they have been in his mind. And lastly, what one says in such words looks more true; for, of all the words in use, none are so clear as those which we call common words; and clearness is so eminently one of the characteristics of truth, that often it even passes for truth itself."

These are not, in Joubert, mere counsels of rhetoric; they come from his accurate sense of perfection, from his having clearly seized the fine and just idea that beauty and light are properties of truth, and that truth is incompletely exhibited if it is exhibited without beauty and light.

"Be profound with clear terms and not with obscure terms. What is difficult will at last become easy; but as one goes deep into things, one must still keep a charm, and one must carry into these dark depths of thought, into which speculation has only recently penetrated, the pure and antique clearness of centuries less learned than ours, but with more light in them."

And elsewhere he speaks of those

"spirits, lovers of light, who, when they have an idea to put forth, brood long over it first, and wait patiently till it *shines*, as Buffon enjoined when he defined genius to be the aptitude for patience; spirits who know by experience that the driest matter and the dullest words hide within them the germ and spark of some brightness, like those fairy nuts in which were found diamonds if one broke the shell and was the right person; spirits who maintain that, to see and exhibit things in beauty, is to see and show things as in their essence they really are, and not as they exist for the eye of the careless, who do not look beyond the outside; spirits hard to satisfy, because of a keen-sightedness in them, which makes them discern but too clearly both the models to be followed and those to be shunned; spirits active though meditative, who cannot rest except in solid truths, and whom only beauty can make happy; spirits far less concerned for glory than for perfection, who, because their art is

long and life is short, often die without leaving a monument, having had their own inward sense of life and fruitfulness for their best reward."

No doubt there is something a little too ethereal in all this—something which reminds one of Joubert's physical want of body and substance; no doubt, if a man wishes to be a great author, it is "to consider too curiously, to consider" as Joubert did—it is a mistake to spend so much of one's time in setting up one's ideal standard of perfection, and in contemplating it. Joubert himself knew this very well: "I cannot build a house for my ideas," said he; "I have tried to do without words, and words take their revenge on me by their difficulty." "If there is a man upon earth tormented by the cursed desire to get a whole book into a page, a whole page into a phrase, and this phrase into one word—that man is myself." "I can sow, but I cannot build." Joubert, however, makes no claim to be a great author; by renouncing all ambition to be this, by not trying to fit his ideas into a house, by making no compromise with words in spite of their difficulty, by being quite single-minded in his pursuit of perfection, perhaps he is enabled to get closer to the truth of the objects of his study, and to be of more service to us by setting ideals, than if he had composed a celebrated work. We doubt whether, in an elaborate work on the philosophy of religion, he would have got his ideas about religion to *shine*, to use his own expression, as they shine when he utters them in perfect freedom. Penetration in these matters is valueless without soul, and soul is valueless without penetration; both of these are delicate qualities, and, even in those who have them, easily lost; the charm of Joubert is, that he has and keeps both.

"One should be fearful of being wrong in poetry when one thinks differently from the poets, and in religion when one thinks differently from the saints."

"There is a great difference between taking for idols Mahomet or Luther, and bowing down before Rousseau and Voltaire. People at any rate imagined they were obeying God when they followed Mahomet, and the Scriptures when they hearkened to Luther. And perhaps one ought not too much to disparage that inclination which leads mankind to put into the hands of those whom it thinks the friends of God the devotion and government

of its heart and mind. It is the subjection to irreligious spirits which alone is fatal, and, in the fullest sense of the word, depraving."

"May I say it? It is not hard to know God, provided one will not force one's self to define him."

"Do not bring into the domain of reasoning that which belongs to our innermost feeling. State truths of sentiment, and do not try to prove them. There is a danger in such proofs; for in arguing it is necessary to treat that which is in question as something problematic; now that which we accustom ourselves to treat as problematic ends by appearing to us as really doubtful. In things that are visible and palpable, never prove what is believed already; in things that are certain and mysterious—mysterious by their greatness and by their nature—make people believe them, and do not prove them; in things that are matters of practice and duty, command, and do not explain. 'Fear God,' has made many men pious; the proofs of the existence of God have made many men atheists. From the defiance springs the attack; the advocate begets in his hearer a wish to pick holes; and men are almost always led on, from the desire to contradict the doctor, to the desire to contradict the doctrine. Make truth lovely, and do not try to arm her: mankind will then be far less inclined to contend with her."

"Why is even a bad preacher almost always heard by the pious with pleasure? *Because he talks to them about what they love.* But you who have to expound religion to the children of this world—you who have to speak to them of that which they once loved perhaps, or which they would be glad to love, remember that they do not love it yet, and, to make them love it, take heed to speak with power."

"You may do what you like, mankind will believe no one but God; and he only can persuade mankind who believes that God has spoken to him. No one can give faith unless he has faith; the persuaded persuade, as the indulgent disarm."

"The only happy people in the world are the good man, the sage, and the saint; but the saint is happier than either of the others, so much is man by his nature formed for sanctity."

The same delicacy and penetration which he here shows in speaking of the inward essence of religion, Joubert shows also in speaking of its outward form, and of its manifestation in the world:—

"Piety is not a religion, though it is the soul of all religions. A man has not a religion simply by having pious inclinations, any

more than he has a country simply by having philanthropy. A man has not a country until he is a citizen in a state, until he undertakes to follow and uphold certain laws, to obey certain magistrates, and to adopt certain ways of living and acting."

"Religion is neither a theology nor a theosophy; it is more than all this; it is discipline, a law, a yoke, an indissoluble engagement."

Who has ever shown with more truth and beauty the good and imposing side of the wealth and splendor of the Catholic Church than Joubert shows it to us in the following passage?

"The pomps and magnificence with which the Church is reproached are in truth the result and the proof of her incomparable excellence. From whence, let me ask, have come this power of hers and these excessive riches, except from the enchantment into which she threw all the world? Ravished with her beauty, millions of men, from age to age, kept loading her with gifts, bequests, cessions. She had the talent of making herself loved, and the talent of making men happy. It is that which wrought prodigies for her; it is from thence that she drew her power."

"She had the talent of making herself feared,"—one should add that, too, in order to be perfectly just; but Joubert, because he is a true child of light, can see that the wonderful success of the Catholic Church must have been due really to her good rather than to her bad qualities; to her making herself loved rather than to her making herself feared.

How striking and suggestive, again, is this remark on the Old and New Testaments!

"The Old Testament teaches the knowledge of good and evil; the Gospel, on the other hand, seems written for the predestinated; it is the book of innocence. The one is made for earth; the other seems made for heaven. According as the one or the other of these books takes hold of a nation, what may be called the *religious humors* of nations differ."

So the British and North American Puritans are the children of the Old Testament, as Joachim of Flora and St. Francis are the children of the New. And does not the following maxim exactly fit the Church of England, of which Joubert certainly never thought when he was writing it? "The austere sects excite the most enthusiasm at first; but the

temperate sects have always been the most durable."

And these remarks on the Jansenists and Jesuits, interesting in themselves, are still more interesting because they touch matters we cannot well know at first hand, and which Joubert, an impartial observer, had had the means of studying closely. We are apt to think of the Jansenists as having failed by reason of their merits; Joubert shows us how far their failure was due to their defects:—

"We ought to lay stress upon what is clear in Scripture, and to pass quickly over what is obscure; to light up what in Scripture is troubled, by what is serene in it; what puzzles and checks the reason, by what satisfies the reason. The Jansenists have done just the reverse. They lay stress upon what is uncertain, obscure, afflicting, and they pass lightly over all the rest; they eclipse the luminous and consoling truths of Scripture, by putting between us and them its opaque and dismal truths. For example, 'many are called;' there is a clear truth: 'Few are chosen;' there is an obscure truth. 'We are children of wrath;' there is a sombre, cloudy, terrifying truth: 'We are all the children of God;' 'I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance;' there are truths which are full of clearness, mildness, serenity, light. The Jansenists trouble our cheerfulness, and shed no cheering ray on our trouble. They are not, however, to be condemned for what they say, because what they say is true; but they are to be condemned for what they fail to say, for that is true too—truer, even, than the other; that is, its truth is easier for us to seize, fuller, rounder, and more complete. Theology, as the Jansenists exhibit her, has but the half of her disk."

Again:—

"The Jansenists erect 'grace' into a kind of fourth person of the Trinity. They are, without thinking or intending it, Quaternarians. St. Paul and St. Augustine, too exclusively studied, have done the whole mischief. Instead of 'grace,' say help, succor, a divine influence, a dew of heaven; then one can come to a right understanding. The word 'grace' is a sort of talisman, all the baneful spell of which can be broken by translating it. The trick of personifying words is a fatal source of mischief in theology."

Once more:—

"The Jansenists tell men to love God; the Jesuits make men love him. The doctrine of these last is full of loosenesses, or, if you will,

of errors; still—singular as it may seem, it is undeniable—they are the better directors of souls.

"The Jansenists have carried into religion more thought than the Jesuits, and they go deeper; they are faster bound with its sacred bonds. They have in their way of thinking an austerity which incessantly constrains the will to keep the path of duty; all the habits of their understanding, in short, are more Christian. But they seem to love God without affection, and solely from reason, from duty, from justice. The Jesuits, on the other hand, seem to love him from pure inclination; out of admiration, gratitude, tenderness: for the pleasure of loving him, in short. In their books of devotion you find joy, because with the Jesuits nature and religion go hand in hand. In the books of the Jansenists there is a sadness and a moral constraint, because with the Jansenists religion is forever trying to put nature in bonds."

The Jesuits have suffered, and deservedly suffered, plenty of discredit from what Joubert gently calls their "loosenesses;" let them have the merit of their amiability.

The most characteristic thoughts one can quote from any writer are always his thoughts on matters like these; but the maxims of Joubert on purely literary subjects also have the same purged and subtle delicacy; they show the same sedulousness in him to preserve perfectly true the balance of his soul. We begin with this which contains a truth too many people fail to perceive: "Ignorance, which in matters of morals extenuates the crime, is itself in matters of literature a crime of the first order."

And here is another sentence, worthy of Goethe, to clear the air at one's entrance into the region of literature:—

"With the fever of the senses, the delirium of the passions, the weakness of the spirit; with the storms of the passing time and with the great scourges of human life,—hunger, thirst, dishonor, diseases, and death,—authors may as long as they like go on making novels which shall harrow our hearts; but the soul says all the while, 'You hurt me.'"

And again:—

"Fiction has no business to exist unless it is more beautiful than reality. Certainly the monstrosities of fiction may be found in the booksellers' shops: you buy them there for a certain number of francs, and you talk of them for a certain number of days; but they have no place in literature, because in literature the one aim of art is the beautiful. Once

lose sight of that, and you have the mere frightful reality."

That is just the right criticism to pass on these "monstrosities,"—*they have no place in literature*, and those who produce them are not really men of letters. One would think that this was enough to deter from such production any man of genuine ambition. But most of us, alas, are what we must be, not what we ought to be—not even what we know we ought to be.

The following, of which the first part reminds one of Wordsworth's sonnet, "If thou indeed derive thy light from heaven," excellently defines the true salutary function of literature, and the limits of this function :—

"Whether one is an eagle or an ant, in the intellectual world, seems to me not to matter much; the essential thing is to have one's place marked there, one's station assigned, and to belong decidedly to a regular and wholesome order. A small talent, if it keeps within its limits and rightly fulfils its task, may reach the goal just as well as a greater one. To accustom mankind to pleasures which depend neither upon the bodily appetites nor upon money, by giving them a taste for the things of the mind, seems to me, in fact, the one proper fruit which nature has meant our literary productions to have. When they have other fruits, it is by accident, and, in general, not for good. Books which absorb our attention to such a degree that they rob us of all fancy for other books, are absolutely pernicious. In this way they only bring fresh crotchets and sects into the world; they multiply the great variety of weights, rules, and measures already existing; they are morally and politically a nuisance."

Who can read these words and not think of the limiting effect exercised by certain works in certain spheres and for certain periods; exercised even by the works of men of genius or virtue,—by the works of Rousseau, the works of Wesley, the works of Swedenborg? And what is it which makes the Bible so admirable a book, to be the one book of those who can have only one, but the miscellaneous character of the contents of the Bible?

Joubert was all his life a passionate lover of Plato; we hope other lovers of Plato will forgive us for saying that their adored object has never been more truly described than he is here :—

"Plato shows us nothing, but he brings us brightness with him; he puts light into our

eyes, and fills us with a clearness by which all objects afterwards become illuminated. He teaches us nothing; but he prepares us, fashions us, and makes us ready to know all. Somehow or other, the habit of reading him augments in us the capacity for discerning and entertaining whatever fine truths may afterwards present themselves. Like mountain air, it sharpens our organs, and gives us an appetite for wholesome food."

"Plato loses himself in the void," he says again; "but one sees the play of his wings, one hears their rustle." And the conclusion is, "It is good to breathe his air, but not to live upon him."

As a pendant to the criticism on Plato, this on the French moralist Nicole is excellent :—

"Nicole is a Pascal without style. It is not what he says which is sublime, but what he thinks; he rises, not by the natural elevation of his own spirit, but by that of his doctrines. One must not look to the form in him, but to the matter, which is exquisite. He ought to be read with a direct view of practice."

English people have hardly ears to hear the praises of Bossuet, and the Bossuet of Joubert is Bossuet at his very best; but this is a far truer Bossuet than the "declaimer" Bossuet of Lord Macaulay, himself a born rhetorician, if ever there was one :—

"Bossuet employs all our idioms, as Homer employed all the dialects. The language of kings, of statesmen, and of warriors; the language of the people and of the student, of the country and of the schools, of the sanctuary and of the courts of law; the old and the new, the trivial and the stately, the quiet and the resounding,—he turns all to his use; and out of all this he makes a style simple, grave, majestic. His ideas are, like his words, varied—common and sublime together. Times and doctrines in all their multitude were ever before his spirit, as things and words in all their multitude were ever before it. He is not so much a man as a human nature, with the temperance of a saint, the justice of a bishop, the prudence of a doctor, and the might of a great spirit."

After this on Bossuet, we must quote a criticism on Racine, to show that Joubert did not indiscriminately worship all the French gods of the grand century :—

"Those who find Racine enough for them, are poor souls and poor wits; they are souls and wits, which have never got beyond the callow and boarding-school stage. Admir-

ble, as no doubt he is, for his skill in having made poetical the most humdrum sentiments and the most middling sort of passions, he can yet stand us in stead of nobody but himself. He is a superior writer; and in literature, that at once puts a man on a pinnacle. But he is not an inimitable writer."

And again, "The talent of Racine is in his works; but Racine himself is not there. That is why he himself became disgusted with them." "Of Racine, as of the ancients, the genius lay in taste. His elegance is perfect; but it is not supreme, like that of Virgil." And, indeed, there is something *supreme* in an elegance which exercises such a fascination as Virgil's does; which makes one return to his poems again and again, long after one thinks one has done with them; which makes them one of those books that, to use Joubert's words, "lure the reader back to them, as the proverb says good wine lures back the wine-bibber." And the highest praise Joubert can at last find for Racine is this, that he is the Virgil of the ignorant—"Racine est le Virgile des ignorants."

Of Boileau, too, Joubert says: "Boileau is a powerful poet, but only in the world of half poetry." How true is that of Pope also! And he adds, "Neither Boileau's poetry nor Racine's flows from the fountain-head." No Englishman, controverting the exaggerated French estimate of these poets, could desire to use fitter words.

We will end with some remarks on Voltaire and Rousseau—remarks in which Joubert eminently shows his prime merit as a critic,—the soundness and completeness of his judgments. We mean that he has the faculty of judging with all the powers of his mind and soul at work together in due combination; and how rare is this faculty! how seldom is it exercised towards writers who so powerfully as Voltaire and Rousseau stimulate and call into activity a single side in us!

"Voltaire's wits came to their maturity twenty years sooner than the wits of other men, and remained in full vigor thirty years longer. The charm which our style in general gets from our ideas, his ideas get from his style. Voltaire is sometimes afflicted, sometimes strongly moved, but serious he never is. His very graces have an effrontery about them. He had correctness of judgment, liveliness of imagination, nimble wits, quick taste, and a moral sense in ruins. He is the most debauched of spirits, and the

worst of him is that one gets debauched along with him. If he had been a wise man, and had had the self-discipline of wisdom, beyond a doubt half his wit would have been gone; it needed an atmosphere of *license* in order to play freely. Those people who read him every day, create for themselves, by an invincible law, the necessity of liking him. But those people who, having given up reading him, gaze steadily down upon the influences which his spirit has shed abroad, find themselves in simple justice and duty compelled to detest him. It is impossible to be satisfied with him, and impossible not to be fascinated by him."

The literary sense in us is apt to rebel against so severe a judgment on such a charmer of the literary sense as Voltaire, and perhaps we English are not very liable to catch Voltaire's vices, while of some of his merits we have signal need; still, as the real definitive judgment on Voltaire, Joubert's is undoubtedly the true one. It is nearly identical with that of Goethe. Joubert's sentence on Rousseau is in some respects more favorable:—

"That weight in the speaker (*auctoritas*) which the ancients talk of, is to be found in Bossuet more than in any other French author; Pascal, too, has it, and La Bruyère; even Rousseau has something of it, but Voltaire not a particle. I can understand how a Rousseau—I mean a Rousseau cured of his faults—might at the present day do much good, and may even come to be greatly wanted; but under no circumstances can a Voltaire be of any use."

The peculiar power of Rousseau's style has never been better hit off than in the following passage:—

"Rousseau imparted, if I may so speak, *bowels of feeling* to the words he used (*donna des entrailles à tous les mots*), and poured into them such a charm, sweetness so penetrating, energy so puissant, that his writings have an effect upon the soul something like that of those illicit pleasures which steal away our taste and intoxicate our reason."

The final judgment, however, is severe, and justly severe:—

"Life without actions; life entirely resolved into affections and half-sensual thoughts; do-nothingness setting up for a virtue; cowardliness with voluptuousness; fierce pride with nullity underneath it; the strutting phrase of the most sensual of vagabonds, who has made his system of philosophy and can give it eloquently forth: there is Rousseau. A piety in which there is no religion; a severity

which brings corruption with it; a dogmatism which serves to ruin all authority: there is Rousseau's philosophy. To all tender, ardent, and elevated natures, I say, only Rousseau can detach you from religion, and only true religion can cure you of Rousseau."

We must yet find room, before we end, for one at least of Joubert's sayings on political matters; here, too, the whole man shows himself; and here, too, his affinity with Coleridge is very remarkable. How true, how true in France especially, is this remark on the contrasting direction taken by the aspirations of the community in ancient and in modern states!

"The ancients were attached to their country by three things—their temples, their tombs, and their forefathers. The two great bonds which united them to their government were the bonds of habit and antiquity. With the moderns, hope and the love of novelty have produced a total change. The ancients said *our forefathers*, we say *posterity*; we do not, like them, love our *patria*, that is to say, the country and the laws of our fathers, rather we love the laws and the country of our children; the charm we are most sensible to is the charm of the future, and not the charm of the past."

And how keen and true is this criticism on the changed sense of the word "liberty"!

"A great many words have changed their meaning. The word *liberty*, for example, had at bottom among the ancients the same meaning as the word *dominium*. *I would be free* meant, in the mouth of an ancient, *I would take part in governing or administering the State*; in the mouth of a modern it means, *I would be independent*. The word *liberty* has with us a moral sense; with them its sense was purely political."

Joubert had lived through the French Revolution, and to the modern cry for liberty he was prone to answer:—

"Let your cry be for free souls rather even than for free men. Moral liberty is the one vitally important liberty, the one liberty which is indispensable; the other liberty is good and salutary only so far as it favors this. Subordination is in itself a better thing than independence. The one implies order and arrangement; the other implies only self-sufficiency with isolation. The one means harmony, the other a single tone; the one is the whole, the other is but the part."

"Liberty! liberty!" he cries again; "in

all things let us have *justice*, and then we shall have enough liberty."

"Let us have justice, and then we shall have enough liberty. The wise man will never refuse to echo those words; but, then, such is the imperfection of human governments, that almost always, in order to get justice, one has first to secure liberty."

We do not hold up Joubert as a very astonishing and powerful genius, but rather as a delightful and edifying genius. We have not cared to exhibit him as a sayer of brilliant epigrammatic things, such things as "Notre vie est du vent tissu; . . . les dettes abrègent la vie; . . . celui qui a de l'imagination sans érudition a des ailes et n'a pas de pieds (*Our life is woven wind; . . . debts shorten life; . . . the man of imagination without learning has wings and no feet*);" though for such sayings he is famous. In the first place, the French language is in itself so favorable a vehicle for such sayings that the making them in it has the less merit; at least half the merit ought to go, not to the maker of the saying, but to the French language. In the second place, the peculiar beauty of Joubert is not there; it is not in what is exclusively intellectual; it is in the union of *soul* with intellect, and in the delightful, satisfying result which this union produces. "Vivre, c'est penser et sentir son âme; . . . le bonheur est de sentir son âme bonne; . . . toute vérité nue et crue n'a pas assez passé par l'âme; . . . les hommes ne sont justes qu'envers ceux qu'ils aiment (*The essence of life lies in thinking and being conscious of one's soul; . . . happiness is the sense of one's soul's being good; . . . if a truth is nude and crude, that is a proof it has not been steeped long enough in the soul; . . . man cannot even be just to his neighbor unless he loves him*);" it is much rather in sayings like these that Joubert's best and innermost nature manifests itself. He is the most prepossessing and convincing of witnesses to the good of loving light. Because he sincerely loved light, and did not prefer to it any little private darkness of his own, he found light; his eye was single, and therefore his whole body was full of light. And because he was full of light, he was also full of happiness. In spite of his infirmities, in spite of his sufferings, in spite of his obscurity, he was the happiest man alive; his life was as charming as his thoughts. For certainly it is natural

that the love of light, which is already, in some measure, the possession of light, should irradiate and beatify the whole life of him who has it. There is something unnatural and shocking where, as in the case of Joubert's English parallel, it does not. Joubert pains us by no such contradiction; "the same penetration of spirit which made him such delightful company to his friends, served also to make him perfect in his own personal life, by enabling him always to perceive and do what was right;" he loved and sought light till he became so habituated to it, so accustomed to the joyful testimony of a good conscience, that, to use his own words, "he could no longer exist without this, and was obliged to live without reproach if he would live without misery."

Joubert was not famous while he lived, and he will not be famous now that he is dead. But, before we pity him for this, let us be sure what we mean, in literature, by *famous*. There are the famous men of genius in literature—the Homers, Dantes, Shakespeares: of them we need not speak; their praise is for ever and ever. Then there are the famous men of ability in literature; their praise is in their own generation. And what makes this difference? The work of the two orders of men is at bottom the same—a *criticism of life*. The end and aim of all literature, if one considers it attentively, is in truth nothing but that. But the criticism which the men of genius pass upon human life is permanently acceptable to mankind; the criticism which the men of ability pass upon human life is transitorily acceptable. Between Shakespeare's criticism of human life and Scribe's the difference is there—the one is permanently acceptable, the other transitorily. Why then, we repeat, this difference? It is that the acceptableness of Shakespeare's criticism depends upon its inherent truth; the acceptableness of Scribe's upon its suiting itself, by its subject-matter, ideas, mode of treatment, to the taste of the generation that hears it. But the taste and ideas of one generation are not those of the next. This next generation in its turn arrives—first its sharp-shooters, its quick-witted, audacious light troops; then the elephantine main body. The imposing array of its predecessor it confidently assails, riddles it with bullets, passes over its body. It goes hard then with many once popular reputations, with many authorities once orac-

ular. Only two kinds of authors are safe in the general havoc. The first kind are the great abounding fountains of truth, whose criticism of life is a source of illumination and joy to the whole human race forever—the Homers, the Shakespeares. These are the sacred personages, whom all civilized warfare respects. The second are those whom the out-skirmishers of the new generation, its forerunners,—quick-witted soldiers, as we have said, the select of the army,—recognize, though the bulk of their comrades behind might not, as of the same family and character with the sacred personages, exercising like them an immortal function, and like them inspiring a permanent interest. They snatch them up, and set them in a place of shelter, where the on-coming multitude may not overwhelm them. These are the Jouberts. They will never, like the Shakespeares, command the homage of the multitude; but they are safe; the multitude will not trample them down. Except these two kinds, no author is safe. Let us consider, for example, Joubert's famous contemporary, Lord Jeffrey. All his vivacity and accomplishment avail him nothing; of the true critic he had in an eminent degree no quality, except one—curiosity. Curiosity he had, but he had no organ for truth; he cannot illuminate and rejoice us; no intelligent outpost of the new generation cares about him, cares to put him in safety; at this moment we are all passing over his body. Let us consider a greater than Jeffrey, a critic whose reputation still stands firm; will stand, many people think, forever,—the great apostle of the Philistines, Lord Macaulay. Lord Macaulay was, as we have already said, a born rhetorician; a splendid rhetorician doubtless, and beyond that an *English* rhetorician also, an *honest* rhetorician; still, beyond the apparent rhetorical truth of things he never could penetrate; for their vital truth, for what the French call the *vraie vérité*, he had absolutely no organ; therefore his reputation, brilliant as it is, is not secure. Rhetoric so good as his excites and gives pleasure; but by pleasure alone you cannot permanently bind men's spirits to you. Truth illuminates and gives joy, and it is by the bond of joy, not of pleasure, that men's spirits are indissolubly held. As Lord Macaulay's own generation dies out, as a new generation arrives, without those ideas and tendencies of its

predecessor which Lord Macaulay so deeply shared and so happily satisfied, will he give the same pleasure? and, if he ceases to give this, has he enough of light in him to make him safe? Pleasure the new generation will get from its own novel ideas and tendencies; but light is another and a rarer thing, and must be treasured wherever it can be found. Will Macaulay be saved, in the sweep and pressure of time, for his light's sake, as Johnson has already been saved by two generations, Joubert by one? We think it very doubtful. But for a spirit of any delicacy and dignity, what a fate, if he could foresee it to be an oracle for one generation, and then of little or no account forever! How far better, to pass with scant notice through one's own generation, but to be singled out and preserved by the very iconoclasts of the

next, then in their turn by those of the next, and so, like the lamp of life itself, to be handed on from generation to generation in safety! This is Joubert's lot, and it is a very enviable one. The new men of the new generations, while they let the dust deepen on a thousand Laharpes, will say of him: "He lived in the Philistines' day, in a place and time when almost every idea current in literature had the mark of Bel and Dagon upon it, and not the mark of the children of light. Nay, the children of light were as yet hardly so much as heard of: the Canaanite was then in the land. Still, there were even then a few who, nourished on some secret tradition, or illumined perhaps by a divine inspiration, kept aloof from the reigning superstitions, never bowed the knee to the gods of Canaan; and one of these few was called Joubert."

ARSENIC IN PAPER.—This poison is principally employed in trade to produce a peculiarly vivid and showy shade of green. It is not a natural green, and neither represents the green of trees, of plants, nor of grass. On account of its brilliancy and attractiveness, it has superseded the less decided tints of nature. The form in which it is generally employed in this country is that of a green powder, which is commonly known as "emerald green." It is known to chemists and writers on science as "Scheele's green," after its discoverer. Another kind is also called "Sweinfurth green," from a town in Franconia, where it was extensively manufactured on its early introduction. The chemical composition of Scheele's green is arsenious acid, six parts; oxide of copper, two; and acetic acid, one. The number of articles in the market in which this dangerous material forms an ingredient is beyond conception. You send your child for some toys or sweetmeats, and in both it is used as coloring matter. The box of dried fruit you get home is lined with a most seductive emerald green. You get it as a wrapper for your morning chocolate. You get it around your packet of confectionery, and you lay it next your stomach with that blanc-mange, apple-tart, and cake which your cook produces as her best production. Your book from Mudie has it for a side-lining, and the report of the managers of the Industrial Institute which you receive is covered in the same alluring shade of green. Nor does it stop here. Go into the pastry-cook and confectioners and you find the walls and shelves painted with the same destroying color. Your library is painted or papered with this same color, and the flowers you so much admire on your wife's headdress are, alas! emerald green, and the sweet Emily charms you with the wreath and tarlatan of the same fascinating color. The fact is, this color pervades us like an atmos-

phere. The prevalence of it in our shops, our homes, our churches, our concert-rooms, and our tea-gardens make it the most constant poison we have.—*Macniven and Cameron's Paper Trade Review.*

TO KILL WEEDS IN PONDS.—The Dutch adopt perhaps the most effectual and inexpensive method of killing large masses of weeds in their ponds. They run them dry in the winter, sow a crop of corn on them in the spring, and before filling and stocking them in the autumn they plant roots of the common white water-lily over a greater part of the bottom. Wherever the water-lily grows, other weeds do not; the stems form no obstruction to the movements of the fish, the leaves give shape, they are easily mown where clear spaces are required for angling, and the decayed leaves form scarcely any mud; indeed, they purify water rather than make it thick, as we see is the case in the Serpentine. In Holland the ponds are dried once in five years, the fish are sent to market, and after the crop of corn is cut they are restocked according to a scale given in a book on fish-ponds, written by Boechius. Carting mud out of ponds is a very expensive business, whereas the cultivation of the bottom of the pond for a few months causes the stock-fish to grow much more rapidly when it is refilled, and before ordinary weeds can overspread it the lilies grow and keep them down.—*Building News.*

TRUE TO INSTINCT.

THE "Earthly Vicar's" holy mouth
Praises Jeff Davis and the South
For all their pious bravery.
Our Orangemen were not so wrong
Who in their fierce King-William song
Linked "Popery and Slavery."

From The Cornhill Magazine.
IN MEMORIAM.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

It has been desired by some of the personal friends of the great English writer who established this magazine, that its brief record of his having been stricken from among men should be written by the old comrade and brother in arms who pens these lines, and of whom he often wrote himself, and always with the warmest generosity.

I saw him first, nearly twenty-eight years ago, when he proposed to become the illustrator of my earliest book. I saw him last, shortly before Christmas, at the Athenæum Club, when he told me that he had been in bed three days—that after these attacks, he was troubled with cold shiverings, “which quite took the power of work out of him”—and that he had it in his mind to try a new remedy which he laughingly described. He was very cheerful, and looked very bright. In the night of that day week, he died.

The long interval between those two periods is marked in my remembrance of him by many occasions when he was supremely humorous, when he was irresistibly extravagant, when he was softened and serious, when he was charming with children. But, by none do I recall him more tenderly than by two or three that start out of the crowd, when he unexpectedly presented himself in my room, announcing how that some passage in a certain book had made him cry yesterday, and how that he had come to dinner, “because he couldn’t help it,” and must talk such passage over. No one can ever have seen him more genial, natural, cordial, fresh, and honestly impulsive, than I have seen him at those times. No one can be surer than I of the greatness and the goodness of the heart that then disclosed itself.

We had our differences of opinion. I thought that he too much feigned a want of earnestness, and that he made a pretence of undervaluing his art, which was not good for the art that he held in trust. But, when we fell upon these topics, it was never very gravely, and I have a lively image of him in my mind, twisting both his hands in his hair, and stamping about, laughing to make an end of the discussion.

When we were associated in remembrance of the late Mr. Douglas Jerrold, he delivered a public lecture in London, in the course of

which, he read his very best contribution to *Punch*, describing the grown-up cares of a poor family of young children. No one hearing him could have doubted his natural gentleness, or his thoroughly unaffected manly sympathy with the weak and lowly. He read the paper most pathetically and with a simplicity of tenderness that certainly moved one of his audience to tears. This was presently after his standing for Oxford, from which place he had despatched his agent to me, with a droll note (to which he afterwards added a verbal postscript), urging me to “come down and make a speech, and tell them who he was, for he doubted whether more than two of the electors had ever heard of him, and he thought there might be as many as six or eight who had heard of me.” He introduced the lecture just mentioned, with a reference to his late electioneering failure, which was full of good sense, good spirits, and good humor.

He had a particular delight in boys, and an excellent way with them. I remember his once asking me with fantastic gravity when he had been to Eton where my eldest son then was, whether I felt as he did in regard of never seeing a boy without wanting instantly to give him a sovereign? I thought of this when I looked down into his grave, after he was laid there, for I looked down into it over the shoulder of a boy to whom he had been kind.

These are slight remembrances: but it is to little familiar things suggestive of the voice, look, manner, never, never more to be encountered on this earth, that the mind first turns in a bereavement. And greater things that are known of him, in the way of his warm affections, his quiet endurance, his unselfish thoughtfulness for others, and his munificent hand, may not be told.

If, in the reckless vivacity of his youth, his satirical pen had ever gone astray or done amiss, he had caused it to prefer its own petition for forgiveness, long before:—

“I’ve writ the foolish fancy of his brain;
The aimless jest that, striking, hath caused pain;
The idle word that he’d wish back again.”

In no pages should I take it upon myself at this time to discourse of his books, of his refined knowledge of character, of his subtle acquaintance with the weaknesses of human nature, of his delightful playfulness as an essayist, of his quaint and touching ballads,

of his mastery over the English language. Least of all, in these pages enriched by his brilliant qualities from the first of the series, and beforehand accepted by the public through the strength of his great name.

But, on the table before me, there lies all that he had written of his latest and last story. That it would be very sad to any one—that it is inexpressibly so to a writer—in its evidences of matured designs never to be accomplished, of intentions begun to be executed and destined never to be completed, of careful preparation for long roads of thought that he was never to traverse, and for shining goals that he was never to reach, will be readily believed. The pain, however, that I have felt in perusing it, has not been deeper than the conviction that he was in the healthiest vigor of his powers when he wrought on this last labor. In respect of earnest feeling, far-seeing purpose, character, incident, and a certain loving picturesqueness blending the whole, I believe it to be much the best of all his works. That he fully meant it to be so, that he had become strongly attached to it, and that he bestowed great pains upon it, I trace in almost every page. It contains one picture which must have cost him extreme distress, and which is a masterpiece. There are two children in it, touched with a hand as loving and tender as ever a father caressed his little child with. There is some young love, as pure and innocent and pretty as the truth. And it is very remarkable that, by reason of the singular construction of the story, more than one main incident usually belonging to the end of such a fiction is anticipated in the beginning, and thus there is an approach to completeness in the fragment, as to the satisfaction of the reader's mind concerning the most interesting persons, which could hardly have been better attained if the writer's breaking-off had been foreseen.

The last line he wrote, and the last proof he corrected, are among these papers through which I have so sorrowfully made my way.

The condition of the little pages of manuscript where Death stopped his hand, shows that he had carried them about, and often taken them out of his pocket here and there, for patient revision and interlineation. The last words he corrected in print, were, "And my heart throbbed with an exquisite bliss." God grant that on that Christmas Eve when he laid his head back on his pillow and threw up his arms as he had been wont to do when very weary, some consciousness of duty done and Christian hope throughout life humbly cherished, may have caused his own heart so to throb, when he passed away to his Redeemer's rest!

He was found peacefully lying as above described, composed, undisturbed, and to all appearance asleep, on the 24th of December, 1863. He was only in his fifty-third year; so young a man, that the mother who blessed him in his first sleep, blessed him in his last. Twenty years before, he had written, after being in a white squall:—

"And when its force expended,
The harmless storm was ended,
And, as the sunrise splendid
Came blushing o'er the sea;
I thought as day was breaking,
My little girls were waking,
And smiling, and making
A prayer at home for me."

Those little girls had grown to be women when the mournful day broke that saw their father lying dead. In those twenty years of companionship with him, they had learned much from him; and one of them has a literary course before her, worthy of her famous name.

On the bright wintry day, the last but one of the old year, he was laid in his grave at Kensal Green, there to mingle the dust to which the mortal part of him had returned, with that of a third child, lost in her infancy, years ago. The heads of a great concourse of his fellow-workers in the Arts, were bowed around his tomb.

From *The Spectator*, 6 Feb.

THE DUTY OF ENGLAND TO DENMARK.

THE cannon shot for which Europe has for weeks been listening has at length been fired. The Germans have crossed the Eider, have attacked the first Danish line at two points, and on both have been repulsed with heavy slaughter. The strange theory which was current in most European capitals that King Christian would prove traitor to his adopted country has been dispelled, and Prince Charles of Prussia, who believed that theory, telegraphs in amazement to Berlin that the Danish resistance is in earnest. Both parties are settling down to their work. The Prussians are preparing to cross the Schlei, the Austrians are urging up reinforcements for renewed attacks on the western side, and the Danes, with their teeth set, are preparing as good soldiers and brave men to perish as slowly as may be in a hopeless contest; for, if the quarrel be left to them, their cause is ultimately hopeless. God is not on the side of the big battalions, or England would not to-day be arbitress of the world, but war, like all other calamities, is subject to natural laws; neither despair, nor patriotism, nor enthusiasm, nor the consciousness of right, nor the holiest impulse of self-sacrifice, will stop a rifle bullet, and where the bullets are many they must ultimately kill. The Danes brave as they are, and excellent as is their position, are hopelessly outmatched. Their fleet cannot aid them two miles from the sea, and by land their whole male population is scarcely more than half the drilled soldiers at the disposal of their foes. They may fight like heroes, as they are fighting, or like the Vikings from whom they and we descend, but the Germans can sacrifice ten men to their one; a Croat, though inferior to a Zealander in every other quality of manhood, can carry a musket as well as he, and if they are abandoned, the superior race must be smothered beneath the weight of its small but innumerable foes.

Are they to be abandoned? That is the question now placed fully before the conscience and intellect of Great Britain, and to which the nation must reply within the next ten days; and when once the facts are known—when the national mind is once awake to the utter brutality of the oppression now being perpetrated, the naked appeal to the sabre's edge now made by the military tyrannies, we can scarcely doubt what the reply will be.

The party in which we usually believe will, we fear, in its conscientious horror of war, its dread of France, and its hatred of continental complications, still argue stoutly for peace, but there are questions before which party lines must disappear, and when the honor of England is in danger even friendship must stand aside. So far as it is given to us to see the real drift of a most complicated question, it has become the duty, as it always has been the interest of England to defend Denmark from dismemberment. On the broad ground of permanent policy the argument for action is, we believe, unanswerable, and there has arisen during the negotiations another reason which appeals directly to the heart and the instinctive honor of every Englishman who comprehends the subject.

The general arguments can be very easily stated. It is never for the interest or the honor of Great Britain that a free constitutional monarchy, large or small, should be crushed to the ground by superior military power, and Denmark, which is such a monarchy, is now being so crushed. There is not a freer race than the Danes in the world. Even under their ancient constitution, which began with the words "The King of the Goths and Vandals is absolute throughout his dominions," they were always really free, and now King Christian has been compelled to accept invasion rather than venture to violate the forms of a Parliamentary Government. That is one reason for the wrath of the governing party in Berlin, which, having destroyed the freedom of Prussia, is humiliated by the calm refusal of the Danish Cabinet to follow their shameful example. That the monarchy is being crushed in spite of all professions is clear, from the simple fact that the invasion has commenced, in spite of a solemn guarantee from Great Britain that the demands of the two great powers should all be granted. The idea, moreover, both of Vienna and Berlin is, we believe, apart from all idle rumors, fatal to the independence of Denmark. This idea, openly stated in both the Chamber and the Reichsrath, is that King Christian shall be Duke of Schleswig-Holstein as a united Duchy, that this Duchy shall be German,—a clear act of conquest,—and that the Duchy shall have "an equal voice" in all proceedings of the monarchy. In other words, the princes of Germany shall for all time to come legally dictate the policy, external and internal, of the Danish monarchy, Denmark sinking into just such a dependency of Germany as Schleswig now is of herself, and constitution and freedom being alike dependent on the vote of a Diet in which the people are wholly unrepresented. Then it is not the policy of Great Britain to permit

any violation of the great principle of non-intervention between sovereigns and their subjects. Admit that the Schleswigers are hostile to Denmark, that they are even ready to rise in insurrection, and still Germany, which does not even pretend that Schleswig is German, has no right to intervene. If we give up that principle, we give up also the right to resist if Russia marches into Prussia to put down freedom, or to complain if France invades Ireland to realize the dreams of Smith O'Brien. And lastly, it is never for our interest that the advice of Great Britain when given in the interest of peace and justice and right should be regarded as idle words, or that she should, by abstaining from continental politics, lower the tone of her people down to the parochial standard. A Marylebone of thirty millions might be very comfortable, but it would be no abode for men with hearts, or brains, or consciences, or the sense that man, despite that misunderstood politician Cain, is responsible for his brother. Englishmen are not prepared to stand by and see murder done, and call that cowardly crime a policy; and not being so, they must, if they would avoid endless war, make their voice when clearly uttered as effective as cannon shot. If they do not, if they allow the idea to spread that England will never fight except for pence, they will one day be compelled to dispel the error they themselves have fostered by a war to which the defence of Denmark would be a military promenade, to defend Italy against Germany, or to sustain German nationality against France and Russia united. The policy of abstention is intelligible but degrading, the policy of interference without meaning is degrading without being intelligible.

These are general considerations, but there is in this matter of Denmark one which will come closer to the conscience and heart and pride of every Englishman. England has in this matter interfered, and interfered by a steady, long-continued course of action which, like a long-continued habit of dealing without written bonds, amounts to an honorable pledge. She has stood forward for twelve years as the protectress of the integrity of Denmark. She framed the treaty of 1852, morally coercing the Danes, who detested the arrangement and twice refused to sanction it, into a final vote of acceptance. When the present quarrel broke out she advised Denmark to evacuate Holstein, which was under the treaty King Christian's own territory, and Holstein was evacuated. That was a step in foreign politics; but that failing, the Cabinet went further, and advised an internal change—the revocation of the common Constitution for all Denmark within the Eider. That advice also was accepted, subject to a

parliamentary vote, and that concession also failed. The Austrian and Prussian ministers pleaded with a cynical contempt for right hardly to be paralleled in history, that they could not keep their armies inactive lest volunteers should be raised in Germany, and then at last Great Britain took the final step. She agreed that with her allies she would make the revocation of the Constitution matter of treaty right, and thus, if Denmark refused to yield, give her up to compulsion as a clear and manifest breaker of the public law of Europe. Every German demand was thus satisfied, and then Denmark having, on the advice of her august friend, conceded everything, and given up even her own right of free internal legislation, the Germans, in contempt alike of her and her ally, crossed her frontier by force of cannon. If that persistent protection does not involve an honorable pledge, what line of conduct would? The big boy declares the child in the right if only he will surrender the toy; the child surrenders it, the other boy thrashes him for yielding, and the adviser is to put his hands in his pockets and look on the brutality whistling. There never was policy more utterly base and selfish, more clearly dictated by the dread of the national consequences of doing right. All over Europe the nations are sneering at the value of England's friendship, the worthlessness of England's menace, and sneering with a reason which may make honorable men gnash their teeth with shame and vexation. It was bad enough to surrender Poland to the executioner, but at least Earl Russell told Poland that he had no aid to give beyond some irritating words. He has not told Denmark that, for, though he gave no promise, and as a constitutional minister guaranteed no aid, he did, nevertheless, guarantee that Denmark should surrender without battle all her enemies had demanded. Is Denmark, having sanctioned that promise, to lose yet more? Are the dishonest statesmen of Prussia and the despotic ministers of Austria to be permitted with impunity to kill thousands of men in order that they may, at the best, carry out the provisions of a treaty expressly designed and signed by them in order to avert that slaughter? They say that even when victorious they will keep that agreement and are, therefore, slaughtering Danes without a pretext or an object, except, indeed, the preservation of their own rotten thrones. It may be well to wait, though we doubt it, till the Rigsgaad has formally executed all the promises of King Frederick, but to have advised so much, and to have been obeyed so readily, and then at last to skulk,—we call on the country homesteads to command that this disgrace shall not be.

SOMETHING FOR THEE.

SOMETHING, my God, for thee,
 Something for thee :
 That each day's setting sun may bring
 Some penitential offering ;
 In thy dear name some kindness done ;
 To thy dear love some wanderer won ;
 Some trial meekly borne for thee,
 Dear Lord, for thee.

Something, my God, for thee,
 Something for thee :
 That to thy gracious throne may rise
 Sweet incense from some sacrifice—
 Uplifted eyes undimmed by tears,
 Uplifted faith unstained by fears,
 Hailing each joy as light from thee,
 Dear Lord, for thee.

Something, my God, for thee,
 Something for thee :
 For the great love that thou hast given,
 For the great hope of thee and heaven,
 My soul her first allegiance brings,
 And upward plumes her heavenward wings,
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee.

BEFORE, BEHIND, AND BEYOND.

Oh, the sunny days before us, before us, before
 us,

When all was bright
 Fromholt to height,
 And the heavens were shining o'er us ;
 When sound and scent, with vision blent,
 Winged hope and perched content,
 Joys that came and ills that went,
 Seemed singing all in chorus.

Oh, the dreary days behind us, behind us, behind
 us,

When all is dark,
 And care and care
 And even gleams remind us
 Of fruitless sighs, averted eyes,
 Baffled hopes, and loosened ties,
 Pain that lingers, time that flies ;
 And the hot tears come and blind us.

Oh, is there naught beyond us, beyond us, be-
 yond us,

When all the dead,
 The changed, the fled,
 Will rise and look as fond as
 Ere faith put out, and love to rout,
 Foes with vigor, friends without,
 Pique and rancor, make us doubt
 Hoc tolerare pondus ? *

—Temple Bar.

* Horat. Od. II. car. 5.

BOOKS.

My days among the dead are passed
 Around me I behold,
 Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
 The mighty minds of old ;
 My never-failing friends are they,
 With whom I converse day by day.

With them I take delight in weal,
 And seek relief in woe ;
 And, while I understand and feel
 How much to them I owe,
 My cheeks have often been bedewed
 With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

My thoughts are with the dead ; with them
 I live in long-past years ;
 Their virtues love, their faults condemn,
 Partake their hopes and fears ;
 And from their lessons seek and find
 Instruction with an humble mind.

My hopes are with the dead ; anon
 My place with them will be,
 And I with them shall travel on
 Through all futurity:
 Yet leaving here a name, I trust,
 That will not perish in the dust.

—Southey.

HISTORICAL CONTRAST.

MAY, 1701 : DECEMBER, 1803.

WHEN one, whose nervous English verse
 Public and party hates defied,
 Who bore and banded many a curse
 Of angry times—when Dryden died,

Our royal abbey's Bishop-Dean *
 Waited for no suggestive prayer,
 But, ere one day closed o'er the scene,
 Craved, as a boon, to lay him there.

The wayward faith, the faulty life,
 Vanished before a Nation's pain ;
 " Panther " and " Hind " forgot their strife,
 And rival statesmen thronged the fane.

O gentle Censor of our age !
 Prime master of our ampler tongue !
 Whose word of wit and generous page
 Were never wrath, except with Wrong.

Fielding—without the manners' dress,
 Scott—with a spirit's larger room,
 What Prelate deems thy grave his loss ?
 What Halifax erects thy tomb ?

But, maybe, He,—who so could draw
 The hidden Great,—the humble Wise,
 Yielding with them to God's good law,
 Makes the Pantheon where he lies.

H.

—Cornhill Magazine.

* Dr Sprat, Bishop of Rochester and Dean of Westminster.